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Spring Book Number



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The Listener

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The Russians and the Middle East

By BRIAN CROZIER

THE Security Council decided last week to send the United Nations Secretary-General, Mr. Hammarskjöld, to the Middle East. He is on a one-month mission. In that time, he is going to see how the armistice agreements between Israel and the Arab states are working and he will make suggestions for dealing with this terrible situation along the borders—or rather the demarcation lines, because the final frontiers of Israel have still not been decided.

But it is not really Mr. Hammarskjöld's mission I want to discuss; it is the problem that is becoming more and more pressing as the weeks go by: what to do about the Russian activities in the Middle East. The reason why I started off with the Security Council decision to send Mr. Hammarskjöld to the Middle East is that it struck me as a line on how to deal with the Russians. What is the problem? What it boils down to is that we—the western nations—want to keep the Russians out of the Middle East, and indeed out of the rest of the Arab world as well, which means North Africa. The French as well as ourselves have long had a special interest in this area—because of investments, because of the oil resources which are indispensable to us, and so on. The American connection is more recent, but the Americans have, nevertheless, an important stake in the Middle East. American capital and technical skill have been poured into Saudi Arabia to develop that country's oil supplies through Aramco, the Arabian-American company. So the Americans cannot afford to stand by and let the Middle East go up in flames any more than we or the French can.

In contrast, the Russians have no special interest in the Middle East. They have no oil concession there, although they tried hard to get one in Persia some years ago. In fact, their only interest is in trying to convert the Middle East to communism and, if possible, to make the independent states of the Middle East follow the sort of policy Russia would like. As they have nothing to lose, they can afford to make as

much trouble as possible between the Arabs and Israelis, or in any other way. But they really burst into the Middle East a few months ago when they engineered the 'commercial' deal, as they called it, under which Colonel Nasser bought arms from Russia's satellite Czechoslovakia.

I have never thought there was anything to be gained by pretending that unpleasant facts do not exist. I do not like the fact that the Russians are already in the Middle East, but you cannot deny that they are. So what do we mean when we say we want to keep them out? What we really mean is that we would like to keep the Russians out of any international decisions about the area. Take Palestine, for instance. As far as anyone knows, the last international decision of any importance about Palestine was taken in 1950, when Britain, France, and America made a joint declaration pledging themselves to keep things roughly as they were at the end of the Palestine war, and to see to it that the Arab states, put together, did not become stronger than Israel, or the other way round. Colonel Nasser's arms deal has made nonsense of the three-power declaration. And the question we have to answer is this: Can we make the declaration work without bringing the Russians in?

I do not think we can, because at any time the Russians can pull off another arms deal and frustrate all western efforts to preserve the peace. If I am right, then the next question is whether we would still rather keep the Russians out, knowing that they will continue their trouble-making if we try to solve the problem without them. That is a much more difficult question to answer because there are two possibilities to be weighed against each other in our minds, and both are unpleasant. On the one hand, if we invite the Russians to join us—the three western nations—in a conference on the Middle East, we face the risk that the Russians may try to make impossible conditions, such as

asking us to drop the Baghdad Pact. Then, again, they are capable of throwing spanners in the works even while pretending to work with us. On the other hand, if we do not ask them to join us, we may be certain that they will go on exploiting every opportunity to make trouble—and there is certainly no shortage of opportunities at the moment.

I understand that the Government, and particularly the Prime Minister himself, are absolutely against letting the Russians in on any decision that may have to be taken on the Middle East. I have every sympathy with this viewpoint, but I do not see how, in the long run, we can avoid bringing the Russians in, if only because it would be all too easy for them to sabotage any agreement that might be made without them. I mean the Israel problem: I do not think it is either necessary or desirable that we should talk over all the Middle East problems with them. But as regards Israel it will have to come sooner or later, and, on the whole, I feel it is a lesser evil than leaving them out of it. Talking things over with the Russians would be one way of making them come out into the open. Besides, I do not think any settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute will work unless the Russians as well as ourselves are committed to seeing that it does.

Having said all this, I find myself coming back to last week's meeting of the Security Council. The more I think about it, the more convinced I am that this was a masterstroke by President Eisenhower. It was he who called the meeting. I think this was a masterstroke on his part because of some of the peculiar difficulties that the Americans are up against when dealing with the problem of Israel. One is the conflict between the views of their large Jewish population—which is much larger than that of Israel itself—and the very different views of the American oil interests who do not want to do anything to upset the

Arabs. Another difficulty is that this is a presidential election year and any American government will do its utmost to avoid taking any decision that might be unpopular in an election year. Then, again, the Americans, like ourselves, want to keep the Russians out of the Middle East.

By calling this Security Council meeting, President Eisenhower has managed to kill two of these birds with one stone. By passing the responsibility to the United Nations he has avoided, for the time being, any need for taking unpleasant decisions. He has also brought the Russians in without appearing to, at least without issuing a special invitation to them. So far, it has been a useful and successful experiment. At first the Soviet delegate to the Security Council, Mr. Sobolev, ran true to form. He made a speech attacking western policy in the Middle East, and he found words to praise the Arabs and condemn the Israelis. Above all, he depressed the other delegates by proposing three amendments to the American resolution which suggested that Mr. Hammarskjöld be sent to the Middle East. Then, suddenly, he showed himself much more co-operative, and when his amendments had been defeated he actually joined the others in voting for the American resolution.

So perhaps President Eisenhower has hit on the right way to bring the Russians in on Middle Eastern decisions at this stage of the game. The only trouble is that the big decisions, when they are taken, probably will not be reached in the Security Council, so the Western Powers still have to make up their minds whether they really think they can settle the problem of Israel without the Russians. Now that the Soviet leaders, Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin, are coming to London, Sir Anthony Eden will have a good opportunity for sounding their real intentions—*Home Service*.

The Federation of Malaya and the Future

By GILBERT LONGDEN, M.P.

THE Federation of Malaya is a little larger than England and has a population of about 6,000,000, of whom roughly half are native Malays and half are immigrant Chinese. It is made up of nine states, each governed by a Sultan, and the two settlements of Penang and Malacca. Most unfortunately, in 1946 when the settlements were combined with the states to form the Federation, Singapore was left out—a classic example of gluttony for punishment, for there are now two headaches where there need have been only one.

The island of Singapore is little larger than the Isle of Wight, and when, in 1819, Raffles bought it from the Sultan, it was a mangrove swamp barely supporting a few hundred souls. Today, as one of the world's great market places and the site of a naval base, its citizens (mostly Chinese) number 1,250,000 and the standard of living there is higher than anywhere else in south-east Asia. Its Chief Minister recently used, in order to ridicule it, the phrase 'the nobility of colonialism'. I had not heard that phrase before but, as a result of my visit, I consider it in a real sense a worthy description of what the British have done for these and similar regions.

We would certainly be entitled to claim that Singapore, like Glasgow, belongs to us; but it is our policy to train the Colonies to govern themselves, hence the cries for 'Merdeka' (freedom) which deafened our ears in Singapore. The fact that no citizen of Singapore will ever in fact be 'freer' than he is now is beside the point, because the shallow clichés of today decree that any self-government is better than the best of good government. Whatever is self-administered is best. Though that is patently untrue, as instance Burma and Indonesia, it is a factor which has to be reckoned with unless we are prepared to rule by force in the teeth of world opinion. And so, in fact, both territories have now a large measure of self-government.

In the Federation the Chief Minister, Tengku Abdul Rahman, has the support of fifty-one out of the fifty-two elected members. But no Opposition is for the time being better than an Opposition composed entirely of one race. When the British catalyst is removed, that is the danger most to be feared. The Tengku's alliance between Malays, Chinese, and Indians is an achievement of which he can justly be proud; but although it is the Malay's country, unless they are prepared to offer their Chinese fellow-citizens fully equal rights, they cannot expect them to become loyal Malayans. The Chinese, for their part, must choose where their sole allegiance lies. Meanwhile, the Reid

Commission is about to begin formulating a constitution for the final stage of independence.

In Singapore Mr. David Marshall's Labour Front is opposed by parties of the right and left. The latter is the People's Action Party, whose leader declares that he is a non-communist but not an anti-communist, which is hardly realistic in contemporary south-east Asia. Mr. Marshall, accompanied by elected representatives of all parties, is coming to London this month to negotiate full independence within the Commonwealth; but all parties are agreed that external affairs and defence shall be ceded by an independent Singapore to Her Majesty's Government. For myself, I believe that Mr. David Marshall is absolutely sincere in his determination to eradicate communism and to remain within the Commonwealth. His task is to convince the British Government that he and his potential successors are capable of doing so. For in no circumstances can we afford to throw the work of 100 years overboard; nor to abdicate our responsibility to the Malay, Indian, Eurasian, and European minorities in Singapore until we can safely entrust it to her elected representatives.

I have brought away from my tour a deep and lasting impression of the outstanding courage, determination, and team-work with which all races in Malaya are tackling the emergency. I have seen Malays, Chinese, Indians, Gurkhas, Eurasians, Australians, New Zealanders, and British on the job, and whether they are in the Malayan Civil Service, the armed forces, the police, or the Home Guard they are doing that job most splendidly. The endurance of the planters and their families is magnificent.

But it is no good disguising the fact that the backbone of the administration is still British, and a wish-bone is no good substitute for a backbone. I hope that these men who love Malaya will be allowed to continue to serve her. I do not fear that they will be turned out. I do fear that unless the new Governments in Malaya quickly offer such inducement as will make their British servants feel welcome and secure, those servants will find themselves other jobs elsewhere. I am sure it must be our policy to convince the peoples of both territories, that it is interdependence, not independence, which should be their aim. In my opinion, the final solution must be for Singapore to join the Federation; and ultimately for the Federation, with Borneo, Brunei, and Sarawak, to become a south-east Asian Dominion within the Commonwealth.—*'At Home and Abroad'* (*Home Service*)

Aspects of Africa

Tropical Africa's Response to Civilisation

The first of two talks by SIMON BIESHEUVEL

THE question is often asked why African peoples did not advance beyond simple tribal cultures and have not produced any civilisations of their own. Concerning the facts there can be no dispute. Such remnants of a higher material culture as are occasionally found in tropical Africa are generally believed to be non-African in origin, the term 'African' being used here to refer to the indigenous population of Africa south of the Sahara. These indigenous Africans had little more in the way of culture, or of control over physical environment, than is associated with the Stone Age. They had no wheel, sail, or plough, used fire-hardened digging sticks to till their fields, lacked all but the most elementary of mechanical devices, knew no written language, and had only the simplest notion of number or division of time. Their thinking was not concerned with objective validity and was preoccupied by the mystic powers of persons and things. This centuries-long stagnation cannot be attributed to their isolation from the main stream of civilisation. There is ample evidence of early Egyptian and Asian influences, and there were contacts with Persians, Arabs, Portuguese, and the later slave traders.

The view that some deficiency in the minds of Africans may limit their capacity for civilisation is unlikely to find favour, for science has proved many of the beliefs concerning racial characteristics to be false. It is, however, more a statement of scientific faith than of fact to claim that there are no genetically determined differences in respect of intelligence and temperament make-up between ethnic groups. In a further talk I shall examine the possibility that such factors have been operative in causing the historic apathy of African peoples towards civilisation. I shall confine myself for the moment to a study of the environmental influences, which in any case have played the more important part.

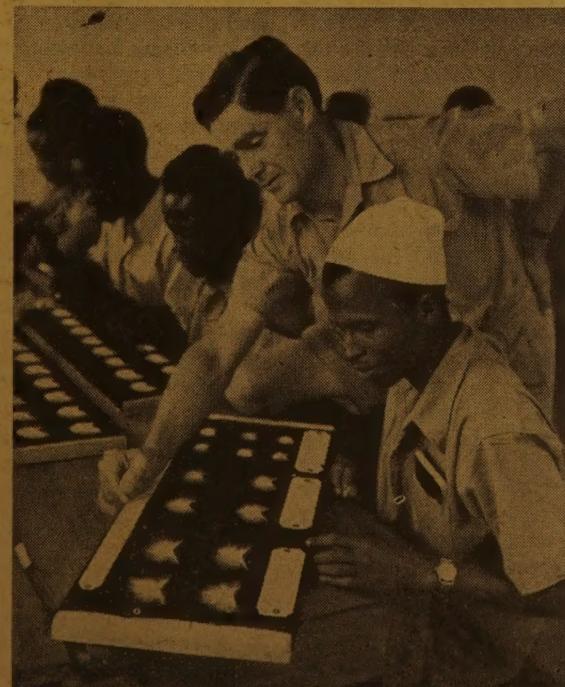
From Toynbee's *Study of History*, the inference can be drawn that at some stage in the history of civilisation, when primitive tribal community life had come into being, a threat to the survival of these communities arose from the gradual desiccation that followed on the end of the last Ice Age. Some tribes reacted to this threat by changing both their habitat and their way of life. In the course of this dynamic act, they abandoned a static culture, acquired some control over their physical environment, and thus laid the foundations for the Egyptian and Sumerian civilisations. Other tribes wandered about in search of a more congenial environment, which would avert the need for a change in their way of life. Amongst those who went southward, following the monsoon belt, were the ancestors of our African populations. There they 'came under the soporific influence emanating from the climatic monotony of the tropics'.

Some thousands of years of this static cultural life made them highly resistant to change. The climate called for no great effort to produce enough food on which to subsist, or to construct the flimsy shelters which were all that was needed as a protection against the weather. No stimulus arose from the environment to produce mechanical devices for the better tilling of the soil,

for the spinning of yarns and the weaving of cloth. The humid heat all the year round was hostile to energetic action, and everything conspired to establish an indolent way of life. Elspeth Huxley has pointed out that certain African communities, even today, show no desire to meddle with things in order to turn them to greater advantage, or to produce some device such as the wheel or sail which reduces the burden of toil



'The all-pervading obsession with magical influences': a 'Poro devil' (who punishes wrongdoers) with his drummers and attendants, in Sierra Leone



European instructor and African pupil at an agricultural school in Nigeria

and enlarges man's scope for action. The balance with nature had apparently been struck at too elementary a level.

Alongside this primitive material culture there arose a complex social structure, eminently suitable to maintain the integrity of the group and to control personal relations within it, but achieving this end by ritually enforced custom, antagonistic to individuality or initiative. A belief in the spirituality of all living and material things and in the determination of events by magical forces prevented the growth of a sense of personal responsibility. It also delayed an appreciation of the nature of physical causality which is essential for effective control over the material world. Such custom-bound, non-individualistic societies produced no seeds for further growth. Toynbee remarks that 'The mental effort to break through tribal traditions and age-long practices is as difficult as for the individual to conquer ingrained personal habits. The tendency to rest in what has proved safe is stronger by far than the adventurous impulse to launch out upon the new and unknown'.

Toynbee's view is confirmed by the fact that such challenges as did, from time to time, present themselves were powerless to

produce any forward movement against the massive inertia that both the physical and the mental environment conspired to maintain. Tropical diseases, famines, and slave raiders took heavy toll, but a high birth-rate partly restored the balance. When pressure became too great, a tribe would wander off to establish exactly the same culture elsewhere as their ancestors had done before them. Occasionally the *élan vital* failed altogether, and communities simply allowed themselves to die out. There are a few tribes where this is in fact happening today.

Now, at last, there has come a challenge of a different kind, the challenge of western civilisation, which since the beginning of the twentieth century has assailed tropical Africa with increasing force. This time the assault is not negatively destructive. Ideas, institutions, productive physical changes are supplanting old static forms, and a vast amount of energy is being injected to maintain forward movement.

The first question that arises is whether this movement is in the direction of a new civilisation with unique African characteristics. This possibility need not be seriously considered. There is no obvious feature in African cultures that could form the basis of such a new development. Far more likely is the alternative of a civilisation of the western type, whose institutions, group relations, and values might have some characteristics borrowed from or influenced by the older forms.

Major Tasks

The reason why the response to western civilisation has been favourable is that it has the power to remove the obstacles that have stood in the way of earlier civilising influences. It has already embarked upon a number of major tasks, namely the eradication of tropical diseases that afflict both man and animals; the control of water resources in order that swamps may be drained, arid regions be irrigated, and hydro-electric power be supplied for industrial development; the improvement of the quality and the quantity of food through more scientific agricultural methods; the development of communications and the enhancement of the productivity of human labour. These objects can be achieved only by the application of science and technology. The skills involved in material advancement cannot be divorced from a wider intellectual context, which involves both a rational approach to the universe and the upholding of humanistic values, including a recognition of the worth of the individual. The teaching of Christianity by the missions was the first step in this civilising process. Hand in hand with the technological measures came the removal of illiteracy and the provision of education.

Inevitably, therefore, tropical Africa will have to adopt the whole of western civilisation or nothing. Those who have a knowledge of what has already been achieved in Accra and Lagos, Ibadan and Kampala may have little doubt about a favourable outcome; but it would be a grave mistake to confuse these cities with the real Africa of the bush. Their population contains an African élite who have enjoyed the advantages of intense contact over many years with representatives of the colonising powers. The critical question is whether through them a mental chain-reaction can be started that will gradually carry Africa—the whole of Africa and not just the few centres where the impact of Europe has been greatest—into a state of viable civilisation.

There are still the old enemies to be reckoned with. Of these, climate is the most inescapable, the most unalterable. The major portion of Africa's indigenous population lives in areas where for a number of hours on most days temperature and humidity rise beyond the upper limit of what is called the indoor-comfort zone. The indoor temperature conditions are the important ones, for it is indoors that most intellectual, administrative, and technical work is performed, and it is on these aspects of work that western civilisation mainly depends. These limits of the indoor-comfort zone do not vary greatly from climate to climate, or from population to population. For still air and moderate humidity, during summer, the upper limit has been computed to be approximately 74 degrees in Britain, 75 degrees in the United States and 77 degrees in the dry tropics of India. The natural reaction to conditions above this range is to lower the activity level. In the tropics there are hardly any seasonal variations in the daily temperature range, and the stabilisation of work tempo at a comparatively low level is an inevitable consequence.

No support on scientific grounds can be found for the view that Africans can withstand heat stress more effectively than whites. In fully acclimatised persons signs of physiological distress and a falling-off in work performance occur under approximately similar conditions regardless of race. As far as the evidence goes Africans are not specially equipped to be as active in the tropics as whites are in the temperate

zones. Climate is a permanently limiting factor in the amount of effort, mental and physical, that can be expected from most African populations.

Defects in African diets are another cause for a low energy level. Even in areas where food is relatively plentiful, it tends to be deficient in high-quality proteins and in vitamins of the B complex. This causes deficiency diseases to be rife amongst children, with harmful effects on the constitution of those who survive. Adults in these areas are never hungry, but their capacity for sustained physical effort is not high. In the dry regions with a seasonal rainfall, there are regular hunger periods in the villages, during which community life stagnates and work capacity is seriously reduced. Unlike climatic handicaps, nutritional deficiencies are not unalterable. Nevertheless, it is a formidable problem to find adequate sources of protein, to control water resources, to inculcate proper habits of agriculture and animal husbandry, to combat tropical pests, and to change the dietary habits of the people.

One can be a little more hopeful concerning the eradication of infective or parasitic tropical diseases because of the greater effectiveness and availability of drugs, and the possibility of waging large-scale chemical war on insect pests, as is being done successfully against the tsetse fly and the anopheles mosquito. But the interplay of natural forces is complex, the areas to be covered are vast, the co-operation of the people is difficult to obtain, and their ways of life and personal hygiene a serious obstacle to the carrying through of preventive measures. The drain on human energy resources imposed by tropical diseases must therefore be accepted in the African situation for many years.

This brings us finally to the last, and the most subtle, enemy—the resistance to change inherent in African cultures, and the antithesis between the requirements of African and western community life. Passive acceptance of things as they are conflicts with a dynamic urge for improvement; custom confronts insight; belief and superstition oppose scientific enquiry and reason; conformity is challenged by individuality and traditional authority by progressive leadership. The all-pervading obsession with magical influences weakens self-reliance and responsibility, essential character qualities in western man. Against the belief in witchcraft, education and Christianity are only partly effective. Thus the organic basis of disease may be perfectly well understood, and yet the belief may persist that the evil intentions of another person are the cause for one's contracting a disease. It will be accepted, for example, that malaria results from the bite of an infected mosquito; but who sent that particular mosquito?

Mobilising Effort

When an activity potential which is already limited by climatic and health factors is thus further restricted by the dead weight of a static and stultifying culture, progress towards a liberation of the human spirit may falter and stop short of the level we call civilisation. The future of civilisation in tropical Africa thus depends on how we solve the problem of mobilising sufficient effort in a situation where everything indigenous conspires to produce a state of inertia. The application of an external force would seem to be essential. This necessitates the continued presence in African territories of white men, in positions of sufficient authority and responsibility to enable them to play an effective part in the making of policies and their execution. Whether they come as dedicated individuals, with the intention to serve, or as men primarily interested in the job they have to do, they are likely to bring with them and to maintain the standards of competence and of conduct that are set in their own communities. Sustaining them, therefore, are not just their white fellow-workers in Africa, but their entire culture, with traditions and institutions known and respected from early childhood.

In this they differ from an African leadership which has known other codes, and the perplexities of a transition period. Many of these leaders have not had the benefit of early conditioning to western standards of conduct and achievement. Their own group allegiance provides for no sanctions to compel their adherence to the new codes. Local institutions necessary to establish respect for these values and to implant the appropriate qualities into the character of the people are still in the process of establishment. The role of the white man will therefore be to maintain forward movement, to set standards for achievement and provide models for conduct, whilst western civilisation is transformed from a foreign importation which one imitates to a naturalised culture which one lives. By the time this has been accomplished African inertia is likely to be less strong by virtue of educational, medical, and technical advances pioneered by the white man. In those areas where no permanent white settlement is contemplated, only then will the time have come to drop the pilot.—*Third Programme*

The International Geophysical Year

By D. C. MARTIN

SOME weeks ago, headlines reported 'a remarkable event' on the sun. A solar flare had caused an unprecedented shower of cosmic rays, interrupted long-distance radio, and disturbed the earth's magnetic field. It was a reminder of how the sun influences life on our planet.

Every eleventh year these events on the sun, which are closely associated with sun-spots, occur more frequently than in the intervening period. We are now approaching the next sun-spot maximum, which will be in 1957-58. So this recent event is simply a foretaste—a trailer, so to say—of the full-length feature due in about two years' time. Astronomers and other scientists observed the recent solar flare and made some measurements of it, but if any such events take place between July 1957 and December 1958 they will be much more closely examined and measured, for this is the period of the International Geophysical Year which has as its object a study of all the physical forces acting on our planet. The sun's influence on these forces is predominant and, as a sun-spot maximum is the period of greatest solar activity, the International Geophysical Year is timed to coincide with it.

'Listening' to the Sun

Unusual solar activity will be treated something like this: astronomical observatories throughout the world will maintain a twenty-four-hour daily watch on the sun. When it is dark here observatories in the other hemisphere will take over the patrol. Radio telescopes will also 'listen' to the sun. When there is something likely to disturb geophysical conditions the Central Radio Propagation Laboratory at Boulder, Colorado, in the United States will be told immediately and from Boulder an alert will be radioed to each nation taking part. National centres will then warn all their observers of the beginning of what is to be called a Special World Interval. All the geophysical resources of the nations will be marshalled for action. Astronomers will be at their telescopes, weather men will intensify their observations, radio investigators will increase their recordings of ionospheric activity, auroral observers will be at their posts, and the magnetic instruments will be ready, all to measure every possible geophysical consequence of the sun's activity. Rockets, and possibly an artificial satellite, will be launched.

In this country the alert will be received from Boulder by the Radio Research Station at Slough, and immediately warnings will go to every part of the United Kingdom and Colonies: to the Royal Observatories at Herstmonceux and Edinburgh, radio stations such as those at Inverness and Singapore, all the Meteorological Office stations, the ocean weather ships, indeed to every one of the seventy stations participating in our programme. These Special World Intervals are only one relatively small but none the less important part of the experiment; but it is clear from this example of summoning into action thousands of scientists in many hundreds of observing stations that the operation is a vast one, calling for long and careful preparation. An estimate of the total cost is £100,000,000.

We know a great deal about our planet but much more remains to be discovered about its interior, its surface of oceans and land masses, the electrified layers in its upper atmosphere, and the space beyond that. Even with all our modern means of investigation we can explore our immediate environment only from the earth's surface, and if we were to represent the earth as a medium-sized apple this environment would be contained within the skin of the apple only. If we set our apple on the ground, we would need a building twice as high as the Empire State skyscraper to represent the distance of the earth from the sun. We know so very little. There are so many unanswered questions. Within the next few years scientists are hoping to find a few of the answers. What is the source of the cosmic radiation? What causes ionospheric storms that disturb radio reception, and can we predict them? Can we understand more fully how the earth's atmosphere circulates? What is the effect of great ice masses, such as Antarctica, on the weather? Are the ocean levels rising? And what is the relation-

ship of these phenomena one with another? Perhaps, in our search for the answers, something new, something hitherto unsuspected, may be discovered.

The search for new knowledge is the primary purpose of the International Geophysical Year, but there will be valuable practical results as well. The weather studies are likely to improve weather forecasting. Ionospheric studies are likely to lead to better long-distance radio communication. Upper atmosphere research will provide the necessary information for the development of high flying aircraft of the future.

Although nothing on the present scale has been attempted before, there have been two International Polar Years, one in 1882-83 and another fifty years later in 1932-33. These were mainly concerned with the north polar regions. Then, some four years ago, chiefly because of the rapid advance in techniques of investigation—for example, the use of high altitude rockets—the proposal was made to the International Council of Scientific Unions that a third International Polar Year be held only twenty-five years after the second. This was accepted, and it was decided that this time it should cover the whole earth, the *Geo* as the Greeks called it, instead of the polar regions only. The Royal Society in London is responsible for the United Kingdom's participation and has appointed a British National Committee for the International Geophysical Year. Meeting in Brussels in 1953 a special international committee sketched out its hopes for the general character of the programme. In Rome in 1954 proposals were made by the nations themselves, and in 1955, again in Brussels, plans were made definite. The programme is agreed and all nations are engaged now in preparing for the operational phase which begins at midnight on June 30, 1957.

In making these preparations the earth has been considered in zones or theatres of operation. We have the fairly obvious zones of the Arctic, the Equator, and the Antarctic. In addition three North to South Pole meridians have been selected, along which there will be as many stations as there are scientists to man them. Of these meridians, one runs through the Americas, another through Europe and Africa, and the third through part of the U.S.S.R., Japan, and Australia. In this way a network of observatories is to be cast over the world's surface. International conferences to co-ordinate regional activities are being held.

Certain observations, such as those concerned with the weather, will be carried out daily, but some are so intricate that they can be performed only at less frequent intervals. So it has been decided to have what are called Regular World Days. The calendar of these Regular World Days has already been issued to national committees. The idea is that greatly intensified measurements should be concentrated in these three days each month throughout the whole period. All the observations in every section of the programme will be synchronised to the exact second so that throughout the 'Year' we shall collect a series of stills or snapshots of the dynamic picture of the forces involved. These snapshots will, for the most part, take the form of graphs or numbers. The records then will go to document centres situated where there are specialists best able to study them. Every nation has the right to acquire copies of the records and use the results.

Advance into Antarctica

So the stage is being set for the full operational phase, but in one sector this has already begun. The great southern continent of Antarctica is so difficult of access that advance parties have already gone from five nations to prepare observatories there. Although some explorers, like Scott, Shackleton, Amundsen, Byrd, and others, have made outstanding pioneering journeys in Antarctica, it is still largely an unknown continent and almost nothing is known of its geophysics. So a big effort is being made to get information from this inhospitable part of the world; twenty-two observatories on the mainland are planned and eleven nations will set them up. The Royal Society's advance party has made an excellent start to creating a base in Coats Land in the Weddell Sea, where man has never set foot before and where our advance party landed on January 6. In mid-December a large expedition from the United States landed in McMurdo Sound in the Ross Sea. The French

expedition landed on January 1 in Adelie Land and the Russians on January 6. Australia is reinforcing her existing station at Mawson. Central arrangements for Antarctic weather forecasting, radio communications, and so on, are being made. At the Royal Society in London preparations are in full swing for the main expedition party which will sail next November to the Coats Land base.

Another part of the programme which is engaging a great deal of our attention is Britain's part in upper atmosphere research. A new rocket is being prepared by the Ministry of Supply. This will be twenty-five feet long and seventeen inches in diameter and will be propelled by a solid fuel motor. It will carry nearly a hundredweight of scientific instruments to heights of 120 miles or more. These instruments will send radio messages back to the earth, giving direct information about temperature and density, and about the nature of the electrified layers and those parts of the sun's radiation that are cut off by the earth's atmosphere. This programme of research is full of promise.

We also have recent news about the satellite programme which the United States is contributing. A three-stage rocket assembly will be

used to launch the satellite from a site in Florida. The satellites, of which twelve are to be launched, will be impelled into their orbits at a speed of 18,000 miles per hour and will go round the earth in an elliptical path at a height varying between 200 and 800 miles. If the conditions are good the satellite should be visible by the unaided eye at dawn and dusk when the sun's rays illuminate it against the dawn or twilight sky. Scientific observers will keep it under observation with their instruments. It is hoped that much original information will be obtained by this stimulating new research tool. As in all other parts of the programme, there will be world-wide co-operation.

The satellite project, perhaps more than any other, emphasises the unity that is the essential element of this vast enterprise. The earth itself is the subject of this scientific study, in which national boundaries have no significance. So far there has been abundant goodwill, and if the co-operation is maintained, and we have no reason to think otherwise, then the success of the International Geophysical Year is assured; and—who knows?—this may well set an example for the improvement of international relations in fields other than that of science.

—Home Service

Royal Commissions and Committees of Enquiry

By R. M. JACKSON

EVERY now and then, the newspapers announce the setting up of a royal commission or a departmental committee. There may be some newspaper reports of its sittings to take evidence and eventually its report appears. Some inquiries are held because there is a supposed scandal to be investigated, but the purpose of the commissions and committees I am describing is to consider matters of social importance and generally to make recommendations for reform. Since the war we have had royal commissions on population, the press, Justices of the Peace, capital punishment, Scottish affairs, betting and lotteries, Civil Service; two commissions are still at work, and of course the Report on Marriage and Divorce has just appeared. Departmental committees have covered a vast range of subjects.

Much of our legislation has been based on the reports of such bodies, yet the process of inquiries of this kind is not widely known. The distinction between a royal commission and a departmental committee is essentially one of importance and dignity. A royal commission is appointed by the Crown and a departmental committee is appointed by a Minister, or it may be an interdepartmental committee appointed by two or more Ministers acting together. The processes, however, are similar.

A decision to set up a royal commission is taken by the Government, which means that it comes before the Cabinet. The first important thing is to settle the terms of reference, because that defines the scope of the inquiry. Thus the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment was limited to inquiry into whether liability to suffer capital punishment for murder should be limited, and some other allied questions; that is, they were not asked to deal with the issue of the abolition of capital punishment.

The next thing is to select the names, which have to be approved by the Prime Minister, maybe in consultation with his colleagues. There will be about a dozen members. First of all, a good chairman must be found; he should be a well known person in public life, as well as having all the qualities required of a chairman. The membership is generally made up on some scheme of representing major bodies of opinion and interests, but a great deal depends upon the subject matter of the inquiry. For some purposes it may be desirable that members should be drawn from different parts of the country. The only principle that is always adopted is that no particular interest will be dominant; thus if there is a Member of Parliament for one political party, there will almost certainly be a Member from the other side. If there is someone who is recognisably from the employer's side in industry, we should expect to find someone from trade unions.

The invitations to serve on a royal commission go out from the Prime Minister's office. The proposed names are submitted to the Queen and, on her approval being given, the formal document setting up the commission is prepared and submitted for the Queen's signature. The constitutional position is a little odd. There is no doubt whatever that the Crown is entitled to ask a group of people to inquire into a subject

and to report. That is no more than saying that the Queen may ask any of her subjects for their assistance, but a royal commission has a procedure of receiving evidence and cross-examining witnesses, that has some, at any rate, of the elements of a judicial proceeding. By long custom some clauses are inserted in the commission which purport to give the commissioners the power to send for persons and for papers and to enter upon property in order to pursue their inquiries. That is just traditional verbiage. The Act of Parliament which abolished the Court of Star Chamber in 1641 prohibited the Crown from setting up any jurisdiction of this kind. The Crown cannot, by issuing a document of this sort, give a royal commission powers akin to those of a law court.

Nearly all royal commissions and departmental committees get on perfectly well without having any powers of compulsion whatsoever. Normally, all the people who have anything of value to contribute are prepared to go before the commission, give their evidence, and answer any questions that they are asked. There are, however, a few occasions when compulsory powers are needed, and this is provided for by the Tribunals of Inquiry Act, 1920. Under that Act a resolution is moved in each House of Parliament that a tribunal of inquiry be established, and on that being done, it will then have the powers of the High Court to send for persons and papers, and to compel people to give evidence.

The secretary of these bodies is nearly always a civil servant. A royal commission is regarded as if it were a separate government department. The chairman is, in respect of the conduct of its affairs, much like a Minister, and the secretary is like the permanent head of a department. For instance, the secretary deals directly with the Treasury, putting in his commission's estimates, and if there should be any dispute that cannot be settled at the official level, the chairman would take up the matter with the Prime Minister. The purpose of this arrangement is that a commission must be independent of any government department, and whilst it is in being, the secretary and other members of the staff are no longer under the direction of the department to which they ordinarily belong.

The first step is the holding of a business meeting to decide on the arrangements for making the inquiry. A royal commission normally takes virtually all its evidence in public and this is published by the Stationery Office. A departmental committee generally sits in private and often does not publish its evidence. The Committee on Administrative Tribunals and Inquiries, now sitting under the chairmanship of Sir Oliver Franks, is having public sittings and its evidence will be published.

There is a fairly standard procedure that these bodies follow, and it is an interesting point how they come to do this, because there is no regular body of chairman, secretaries, or staff who take on one inquiry after another. Each chairman and secretary has to discover how the thing is run, and naturally this falls principally to the secretary. It is

really a tradition passed on partly through departmental papers but still more by oral discussion. There are always a certain number of these bodies at work, and the secretary of a newly appointed commission will generally get in touch with the secretary of some commission that is already at work, and inquire about procedure and other matters. Then, by the time your commission is getting to a later stage, the telephone goes and the secretary of some other newly appointed body wants to know what is the best way of handling such-and-such a matter. There was once a departmental committee that was appointed to examine the procedure of royal commissions. It considered whether there ought not to be a standing organisation so that a newly appointed commission would have a secretariat already in existence and fully conversant with this kind of work. That committee decided against any such system. Starting from scratch each time may lead to some minor inefficiency, but it does have the great merit that the secretary is not just a professional secretary, but is someone with a specialised knowledge and experience of the matters about which there is to be an inquiry.

A number of persons and organisations is likely to be asked to give evidence, and an announcement is usually made that anyone who wants to give evidence should send to the secretary a written note of what it is that he wants to put forward. A great deal of the criticism of royal commissions is that they take a long time to get anywhere. They do. A great deal of that is owing to the time that it takes many organisations before they are ready to give evidence. Bodies such as the organisations of lawyers, doctors, and local authorities cannot produce their evidence quickly; they must consult their members and give a considered view. A large national organisation will probably appoint a special committee to draft its memorandum of evidence. Then that memorandum will have to go before its council; then be sent to all its provincial branches, each one of which will probably appoint a special committee to report to a branch meeting. Then all the comments from all the branches will be examined in London; the special committee will submit a fresh draft, and with any luck the council will now be able to pass the memorandum. All that may very well take twelve months; it would be wrong to hurry it because when, in the fullness of time, a Bill is before parliament, it may be very material to know whether certain of its clauses are in agreement with the recommendations of such-and-such bodies.

Evidence—or the Expression of Views?

We always talk about this material as being evidence. More often than not it is the expression of views. A royal commission has to find out the facts about the problems referred to it and it has got to produce recommendations about what ought to be done. There is commonly little difficulty over the facts; it is the recommendations that matter. Recommendations are not much good unless the courses recommended would be effective, and being effective is often a matter of estimating whether something would work in practice. There is so often an immense gulf between solutions that are perfectly good on paper and those which are sound in practice. Hence, a great deal of the work of a royal commission is testing the acceptability of various propositions. A witness may put forward what he thinks is the right solution to something; subsequent witnesses can be asked whether they agree with it or what modifications they think necessary, and so on. In the end, it may become perfectly clear that a particular solution which, in effect, is compounded from a variety of sources, would be generally acceptable and ought to be workable. This does not always happen, but if the process cannot produce a substantially agreed solution of this kind, then it is almost certain that opinion is so divided that the matter will have to be dropped, or that a majority view will have to prevail. To listen to the proceedings of one of these bodies is really like hearing a long discussion, normally at a high level.

The members are not paid any salary or fees; they get their travelling expenses and the ordinary Treasury allowances for subsistence, and they are lucky if they can meet their hotel bills out of that. It is an arduous business and means many hours of going over and over the problems that arise, and as it is unusual for a royal commission to take under two years before it reports, members do have to put in a good deal of time.

Who drafts the report? There is no rule, just as there are virtually no rules about any other aspect of commissions, but normally it is done by the secretary, though sometimes the chairman undertakes the draft. I think that it is bad for a chairman to do it; most of us do not like our drafting pulled to pieces and we tend to defend what we have written, and a body does not work at all well if its chairman is being

an advocate. A secretary is in a very different position, for he puts up a draft for the assistance of the members and should not be concerned with defending it if it does not seem acceptable.

Naturally, the drafting of a report may take a fair time, and the commission may have to have many private meetings before it agrees upon it. Some chairmen strive hard to get unanimity, whereas others take the view that if some members disagree on some points they might just as well say so, either by making a reservation on smaller matters, or making a minority report on major ones. When we talk about a commission having issued 'a good report', we may of course mean that we agree with it, but if we are more dispassionate we usually mean that it is convincing; that it is a report that makes us feel sure that the commission has gone into all the matters thoroughly and that their recommendations are the result of full consideration of all the relevant things. If it is necessary, in order to get unanimity, to water down some propositions, then on the whole it is a doubtful gain.

A Command Paper

When the report has been signed it is sent to the Home Secretary as the channel of communication with the Sovereign. The Home Secretary lays the report before the Queen and a direction is then given that it be presented to parliament. It becomes a Command Paper, and takes its place in the long ranks of blue books. With the presentation of the report the duty that has been laid upon the members is performed, and the commission automatically dissolves. They have been appointed to do something and they have done it. There will be letters of thanks from the Prime Minister to the members, but all the future steps are for the Government. It is for the Government to decide whether they will accept the recommendations, or some of them, and the extent to which these can be carried out by administrative action or by legislation.

It is often said, rather by way of a grim joke, that the result of having a royal commission is that nothing is done about the matter for ten or twenty years. A few weeks ago the following exchange took place in the House of Commons:

Mr. Hale: I forget the period of gestation of an elephant. One of my hon. friends says that it is eighteen months, but I would not be sure.

Mr. Benn: I remember, because it is ten per cent. of the period that it takes for the recommendations of royal commissions to be implemented.

Recently the Chairman of the Royal Commission on Betting and Lotteries, which reported nearly five years ago, wrote to the press pointing out that nothing at all had been done to implement the recommendations of that commission, and Sir Alan Herbert has often pointed out that the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce of 1912 had to wait for twenty-five years to get serious treatment in parliament. Things are not really as bad as that in all instances. The Royal Commission on Justices of the Peace reported in 1948, and parliament passed an Act, carrying out virtually all their recommendations, in the following year. Now something is going to happen over betting and lotteries.

This Year, Next Year . . .

The Government does occasionally appoint a royal commission or a committee simply as a method of getting rid of some embarrassing question: for the next two or three years the Government can always say that they are awaiting a report, and then for many months they can be studying the report. The usual position is, however, that the Government appoints a commission or committee because it really does want some matter to be given an independent and expert investigation. Naturally, there is no guarantee that the recommendations will be accepted or that anything can be done about it at all soon. Every government is plagued by wanting to get through more legislation than parliament can possibly handle: there are all manner of good projects for which one says 'this year, next year, some time, never'.

But, mostly, things do go through, and they are all the better for resting on the labours of these inquiries—on the trouble taken by members and their staff, and all the people who respond to the invitations to give evidence.—*Home Service*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

From Losses to Lidos?

ATHING of beauty is, no doubt, a joy for ever, but canals are not always or necessarily things of beauty, and the cost of preserving them as national monuments might be high. The present and future of canals is a tricky and controversial subject, and people hold varied opinions about it. We publish today on another page a talk by Mr. E. E. Rich, the Professor of Imperial and Naval History at Cambridge, who has been carrying out a personal investigation into this intricate subject. Whatever the future of the canals may be, their past is reasonably clear. We possess a complicated system of inland waterways: not merely canals but navigable rivers or navigable rivers linked by canals. These in turn feed our great ports and are thus linked up with coastal shipping. But the inland transport of England follows no carefully thought-out pattern. Like Topsy, it just grew. During the Industrial Revolution it was discovered that goods could be moved more cheaply by water than by road and by 1830 a positive 'canal mania' had enveloped the land. The idea that water could be made to go uphill by means of locks was startling and fascinating, but sometimes it was carried out to absurd lengths. As Professor Rich points out, the 159 miles of waterway 'coiling through and about the city of Birmingham' contained 216 locks and thereby afforded an extravagant method of transport. Thus, while a few people made money out of the canal boom, a great many lost it.

When the 'railway mania' succeeded the canal mania in the middle of the nineteenth century, the railways were compelled to buy up a number of canals and undertake to maintain them. Thus by the time the second German war began there were both 'railway canals' that were taken over by the state as part of the railway system and 'non-railway canals' that were subjected to national control in 1942. With the growth of road haulage on a large scale in the present century canals received a further setback. Even during the last war, with help from the government, they carried only about 11,000,000 tons of goods a year, and were described as the Cinderella of inland transport.

Two interests are concerned in the canals, the owners and the carriers. In the past owners have sometimes made both ends meet by extraneous means, such as the letting or sale of property on their banks. But the carriers have had to find traffic to pay for the upkeep of their barges, their labour and the cost of the tolls. The movement of coal, for example, to gas undertakings on the Thameside has been a profitable form of inland waterway carriage, but the carriers are always subject to competition from the roads and railways. Since 1948 the canals have been nationalised and the Transport Commission now owns over 2,000 miles of canal. The Board of Survey of Canals and Inland Waterways has just advised the Commission that about a third of this mileage should at once be closed to navigation. This policy is recommended partly on economic grounds, but no final decision has been taken about the future use of these waterways. Certainly nothing is more pathetic than an abandoned canal, choked with weeds: the overgrown railway track, the derelict station, even, if such there be, the forgotten country lane, all have a romantic and nostalgic appeal. But across a dead or neglected canal perhaps only the Regency ghosts or the shades of optimistic fishermen will walk. Still there could be life in the old dog yet. The Board speaks of 'pleasure boating and fishing' and of 'valuable amenities'. Maybe we shall one day see a Lido on the Oxford canal.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on M. Mollet's criticism of western policy

MANY WESTERN COMMENTATORS deplored the evidence of allied disunity, particularly the lack of a concerted policy in the Middle East, and the French Prime Minister's statement criticising western policy for putting German reunification before disarmament. M. Mollet's statement was given wide publicity in Moscow and satellite broadcasts, which emphasised the significance of his having 'placed in the foreground the problem of disarmament'. According to Moscow radio, French press reaction showed widespread support in France for M. Mollet's remarks, which had also met with 'attention and even sympathy' in Britain. It was in Washington that they had met with 'confusion and dissatisfaction'. Moscow broadcasts in many foreign languages on the alleged world-wide demand for disarmament coupled M. Mollet's statement with the Soviet disarmament proposals, and also with the Icelandic Althing's demand for the withdrawal of the United States garrison—'an extremely significant resolution, reflecting the sentiments now maturing in western countries'. The real question now was: 'Will the U.S.A. foster the realisation of the universal hope for an agreement on disarmament?'

A Polish broadcast stressed that even the Pope, in his Easter message, had taken account of the popularity of the 'disarmament slogan'. Warsaw radio also claimed that M. Mollet, by his statement, had revised the French stand taken in Geneva and 'brought about a serious rapprochement of the viewpoints of the two greatest powers on the European continent—France and the U.S.S.R.' From France, *Le Figaro* was quoted as expressing uneasiness at the enthusiastic approval in Moscow for M. Mollet's statement. The left-wing *Combat* praised the statement, but the centre-radical *Les Echos* was quoted as saying:

While some of his remarks may be well founded, it seems on the whole that he has yielded more to a certain type of propaganda than to considerations of diplomacy.

From west Germany, many newspapers expressed extreme concern at M. Mollet's belief that disarmament should take priority over German reunification in talks between the West and Moscow, for there could be no real peace in Europe till the unnatural division of Germany was ended. From America, the *Washington Post*, after recalling that before the last war few problems received more attention than disarmament, was quoted as saying:

If some of the attention then paid to negotiation on disarmament had been given to counter-rearmament, coupled with negotiation on specific issues with Germany, Hitler would not have dared to risk hostilities. The same mistake must not be repeated in the case of Russia.

Last week broadcasts from Moscow and the satellites continued the denunciations of Stalin and the 'cult of personality'. A Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* spoke of 'anti-party' statements in Russia, and made it clear that, whatever the party's mistakes in the past, no deviation from the party line would be permitted in future.

On April 8 Sofia radio broadcast a statement by the Party Central Committee accusing the present Bulgarian Prime Minister, Mr. Chervenkov, of encouraging the 'cult of personality'. His 'one-man rule' had damaged the work of the party and state, and must be rooted out. Two days earlier Warsaw radio reported the rehabilitation of Mr. Gomulka, former Deputy Prime Minister, after five years in prison as a result of 'unjustified' arrest. This 'error', said the new First Secretary of the party, was owing to Beria and the atmosphere surrounding the Rajk trial in Hungary. Several dozen other Poles, he said, now found innocent, had also been released from prison. Another Polish broadcast criticised the Sejm (parliament), where 'unanimous voting' could scarcely be sincere: it met only rarely, and then only to approve decisions previously agreed. Frequently deputies were elected simply because they were good at hewing coal, and only one single question had been asked in parliament in the past four years. A Czechoslovak broadcast by a party official stressed that the struggle against the personality cult had nothing to do with 'petty bourgeois views denying the role of leaders and organisers of the masses'. A Hungarian broadcast on the eleventh anniversary of Hungary's 'liberation' relayed a speech by Mr. Nogradi, a member of the Party Central Committee, who complained of both 'right-wing deviation from the party line' and 'left-wing excess'. Not until April 4 did China join in the anti-Stalin crusade, when Peking radio reported that an expanded meeting of the Party Central Committee there had approved the decisions taken by Moscow.

Did You Hear That?

ART AND TWO AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES

'DURING THE NINETEEN-TWENTIES', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Washington correspondent, in 'The Eye-witness', 'a granite-faced American business man walked into a picture dealer's gallery. It was the first time that he had been in such a place, although he was then in his late fifties. The price ticket on one of the pictures caught his eye. "Three hundred dollars!" he exclaimed. "Are they paying that kind of money for those things?" Less than twenty years later, this same man, Mr. Samuel Kress, owner of a chain of five- and ten-cent stores, had paid nearly \$1,000,000 for a single painting—"The Adoration of the Wise Men from the East", attributed to the joint workmanship of Fra Angelico and Fra Lippo Lippi. That picture is now in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, and the Gallery, with its treasures of pictures and sculpture, is a national monument not only to art but to two financial giants who converted the vast surplus of their wealth into old masters.

'One of these multi-millionaires was Andrew Mellon, once Secretary of the United States Treasury as well as being one of the richest men on earth. In reply to a charge by the American Government that he had been guilty of tax evasion to the extent of some \$3,000,000, Mr. Mellon revealed that he had in fact set aside more than \$3,000,000 for the Mellon Trust, a so-called "charitable foundation", and therefore tax-free, which was to collect pictures for a National Gallery which he was planning to give to the American people. Mr. Mellon died before his gallery was opened, and for that occasion the 132 works of art which he had collected for it were augmented by others from the great and growing collection of Mr. Samuel Kress.

'This latter, who had made his vast fortune by his talent for shrewd buying of mass merchandise for his chain of stores, turned out to be an equally shrewd buyer of works of art. Ten years before his death a stroke left him bedridden, and his brother, Mr. Rush Kress, who took over the administration of his affairs, found himself faced with the problem of a vast and expanding collection. This collection has gradually now been dispersed, in the form of gifts and loans to museums and art galleries over most of the United States, the only condition attached to such gifts and loans being that the galleries must be located in a state where there is also a Kress five- and ten-cent store.

'For the fifteenth birthday of the National Gallery, in spite of a blizzard of snow, there were striped awnings out over the entrance to one of the most luxurious public art galleries in the world, and, with three marine bands playing music in its garden courts and under its great rotunda, the cream of Washington's high society was on parade. But the guests of honour were not the ambassadors and members of the cabinet, not even Mr. Rush Kress himself—they were seventy paintings and twenty-four pieces of sculpture acquired in the last five years for the Kress Foundation, and now sent on loan to the National Gallery—a loan which may eventually become a gift.

'What was most striking to a layman was the remarkable brilliance of the colours in all these paintings, now on view for the first time. This was because the skilled restorers of the Kress Foundation and the National Gallery had carefully cleaned off all their old discoloured

varnish, and had replaced it with a brand-new synthetic varnish, devised after five years of research by two chemists working under a grant of Mellon Foundation funds. This varnish, which is at present given the somewhat enigmatic title of H-27, is not yet on the market but eventually its formula will be published.'

THE PEOPLE OF AFGHANISTAN

'The original people of Afghanistan', said SYLVIA MATHESON in a talk in the Home Service, 'so far as we can tell, were Aryans—that is, of the same basic race as ourselves; and they are still to be found among

the aristocrats, the highly bred families of the country, as well as among many of the village people. But outside these circles most of the races of Asia seem to have contributed to the melting pot. Go into the carpet markets, for instance, and there among those shaggy Bactrian camels and the laden, battered motor-trucks, you will find Uzbek, Kirghis, and Turkmenian carpet dealers from the north of Afghanistan and beyond the borders—from central Asia. These people have high cheek-bones, complexions which range from peaches and cream to the mellow ivory of old parchment; and they wear high black boots and baggy trousers, rather like plus-fours, short quilted tunics, round fur hats, and overcoats down to their ankles, quilted with cotton or silk waste.

'You can see Mongolian features again in many of the domestic servants in the households of Kabul; and these are usually Hazaras from central Afghanistan, who are said to be the descendants of the invading hordes of the great Genghis Khan. But, almost wherever you go, you will find that in social life women have no part. Afghanistan is still a strictly Muslim country, and all except the Nomads keep their womenfolk segregated from

the men. This means that in public the women wear the familiar veil stretching from head to toe; and yet it is a veil with a difference. Apart from its little, net window in front of the eyes, it falls from an embroidered, close-fitting cap in a mass of gathered material of pastel green, pale blue, old rose, or gold—as well as the more familiar black or white. And I may add, behind these veils are to be found some of the most attractive, well-dressed, and intelligent women you could hope to meet in any of the world's great capitals.

'Out in the wild countryside, by contrast, or striding through the towns alongside lazily pacing strings of camels, carrying mountains of personal belongings, you will find the last true gypsies of Asia—the Kuchhis—whose women walk the world unveiled and who work as hard as their menfolk, looking after their animals, helping to erect their sprawling tents of black felt made from goats' hair, and, in fact, doing most of the heavy work of their camps. The clothes of these women, and those of their swaggering male companions, are elaborately embroidered with patterns of tiny mirrors. Both sexes wear baggy trousers, topped by a full-skirted and smocked shirt with loose sleeves. The women wear a shawl over their heads; the men, a cap often embroidered in gold, with a gay turban wound round it.

'Afghanistan, in both the city and the countryside, is a country notable for its hospitality. In the city, it is easy to be overwhelmed with kindness; and outside I was often invited to the homes of the people; sometimes the most important house in a village, sometimes the humblest



Veiled women in a street in Kabul, Afghanistan

one-roomed, mud hut, or a goatskin tent. But wherever it was, carpets would be spread for me to rest on; I would be given cups of delicately fragrant green tea, plates of delicious grapes or rosy pomegranates and the best food that could be found'.

HIS HORSE WORE SOCKS

'Edward Higgins', said KENNETH MORGAN in 'The Northcountryman', 'lived in Cheshire 200 years ago, on Knutsford Heath, where his neighbours thought he was a Manchester business man who had moved to Cheshire to avoid his creditors, and the only peculiarity they noticed about him were the socks of the horse he rode with the local hunt and when he left the town each month to "collect his rents". They were two pairs of genuine woollen ones securely pulled over its hooves.'

'It was late one night when Higgins was returning from one of his rent-collecting excursions that a neighbour first noticed the strange footwear of his horse as it trotted its silent way along the road. You can imagine the speculation the incident roused among the Knutsford gossips, but for a long time nobody considered the theory that the kind, gentle, courteous Mr. Higgins preferred to ride silently at night because he was a professional highwayman and housebreaker.'

'Once he had a close shave through operating too near to his home. He was tempted by the diamonds Lady Warburton was wearing as they danced together at the County Assembly at Knutsford, and slipping out of the hotel Higgins lay in wait for her coach at a village five miles away. He was on the point of ordering her coachman to "Stand and deliver" when her ladyship poked her head from the coach window, recognised him, and called out, "Why did you leave the ball so early, Mr. Higgins?" So instead of a hold-up there was a friendly chat before Higgins bade the lady goodnight.'

'That horse of his stood him in good stead in his criminal activities, as well as in the hunting field. On one excursion it carried him the 300 miles to Gloucestershire and back in less than two days, and left time for him to "collect his rents" in Bristol. His method on that occasion was to break into a house near the cathedral, murder the old woman who lived there, and carry off the gold coins she kept in a safe. I suppose he did not know when he planned the crime that all the coins were foreign, and when he got back to Knutsford and discovered this, his usual caution deserted him. Before long, local tradesmen were surprised to find Mr. Higgins paying his debts in Mexican dollars; and the gossip turned into suspicion when news reached Knutsford of the Bristol murder and the theft of foreign gold.'

'Suspicion, but no proof, and the law bided its time. But a few months later when Higgins got home after burgling a house in Wells, he found the Sheriff's men waiting for him. In his pocket they discovered the counterpart of a key that he had broken and jammed in the lock of the house at Wells. Yet the dance that highwayman Higgins led the law was not quite over. Escaping through his bedroom window, he had reached Worcester before he was retaken, but after that it was close custody for Higgins until his trial at Carmarthen'.

SIX RULES FOR PUBLICANS

In a talk in the Home Service JONAH BARRINGTON gave six rules for publicans, of whom he is one.

"You must be tough"; he said. 'By which I mean, you must have staying power, and be capable of standing on your own two feet for long hours at a time. For this, I find soft shoes essential: I cannot work in town shoes. Neither can I work in city slicker suits; I am not really at home unless I am wearing corduroys, open shirt, scarf,

and pullover. I have trained myself now to a routine of going to bed at 1.0 a.m. (after washing up, sweeping up, counting up, feeding, and talking) and rising again at 7.0 a.m.'

"You must be tactful". All sorts of gossip and scandal come your way, but you must never take sides. Customers may argue among themselves and seek your support, but you must evade the issue somehow. Your reaction must be confined to a bland smile, or a murmured "Oh, really", or better still, to changing the subject. "You must be ca-canny"—by which I mean you must take care of the pence, so that the profits take care of themselves. You cannot afford, in our trade, to go buying drinks for all your friends: neither can you afford (if you have any sense) to give credit or take cheques. "You must be firm", and at all times the boss. The gentleman who asks for "just one more" after you have called "time" must be dealt with politely but inexorably. "You must be a mathematician"—capable of discussing the latest football results and at the same time adding up in your head a long round of drinks (not forgetting six bags of chips for little Willie in the car outside). "You must be inventive", for no village pub can survive very long unless you put some ideas into it. Some publicans use the gimmick of special food, but mine tends more in the direction of art.

I run one-man exhibitions of paintings by Sussex artists each month, and I have found this pays handsome dividends'.

CAMBERWELL BEAUTY

'Do you know that cockney butterfly, the Camberwell Beauty?' asked L. HUGH NEWMAN in a Home Service talk. "'What on earth can a butterfly have to do with Camberwell?' you may ask. It was in Camberwell, in 1748, that the first of these butterflies was caught. It was found in a horse bus, fluttering against the window.'

'Later, this butterfly became known as the Grand Surprise, and I think that was a splendid name for a creature that turns up only now and then and gives people so much excitement when it does. Entomologists did not know very much about butterflies in those days, or about the ways they travel

from one country to another, and learned men were puzzled over the Grand Surprise. They thought that perhaps the eggs of this butterfly could lie dormant for many years like the seeds of some plants, and then suddenly come to life. But what they did not realise was that this is not an English butterfly at all, but only a rare visitor from the Continent.'

'The Continental name for the Camberwell Beauty is Mourning Cloak. It is a large insect, two-and-a-half inches across the wings, and of a dark sort of purplish-brown colour, with a row of blue spots and a pale yellow band along the edges. You might well compare the butterfly to some young girl who is in mourning, and has wrapped herself in a conventional dark cloak but forgotten that the frill of a light dress shows underneath. I would prefer to call this butterfly the Mourning Cloak, but in England it is the custom to use the original name of any insect, and so Camberwell Beauty it is.'

'Nobody has ever found a caterpillar here and there is no proof that it has ever laid its eggs or bred in this country. It occurs all over Europe, from Scandinavia and Finland right down to Italy, so why, you may ask, does it not breed here? I think the answer to that question is that we have not the right climate. The Camberwell Beauty needs frost and snow to hibernate successfully, so although it comes here now and then, it has not so far managed to establish itself. If our winters were always as cold as this year, perhaps it would be able to settle and stay here'.

An expanded and fully illustrated version of the 1955 B.B.C. Reith Lectures on 'The Englishness of English Art', by Nikolaus Pevsner, has now been published by the Architectural Press, price 16s.



A Camberwell Beauty butterfly

S. Beaufoy

The German Novel Today

By GERALD ACKERMAN

GERMAN writers and readers are using their literary energy in trying to make up for the loss of time and the cultural vacuum caused by Hitler; his war, and the painful reconstruction after it. So there is no new *avant-garde* of young writers. One cannot astonish the bourgeoisie when the aim of everyone is to get back the minimum of bourgeois comforts: an apartment, heating, furniture, coffee, clothes, a vacation in Italy, and perhaps a small car. Nor do we have *avant-garde* readers. The German public is busy trying to catch up with the rest of the world: the reading of their own writers who were banned or in exile under Hitler; and they are reading in translation all the decadent, Jewish, or non-Germanic writers Hitler had kept out of print.

Boom in Translations

There is a lending library in my block in Munich. I have watched the window for three months steadily, and the titles displayed in the window are always more than half translations: Faulkner, Proust, Henry James, Virginia Woolf, Pearl Buck, Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Graham Greene—you can see what the German public has missed, has to catch up with. And for the foreigner, it is astonishing to be in a land where Jean Cocteau, Picasso, Stravinsky, and *Gone with the Wind* are novelties. Amid this mass of new names, the public hardly notices how few good German writers there are writing today. And the publishers, rather than be empty-handed, since they have few Germans to publish, publish more and more translations.

Publishing in Germany has become big business in the last few years; the publishers are eager to print new titles. Now that reconstruction is well on its way, and most people of some leisure have paid for their apartments, they can afford to buy books to read in them. And as German books are extremely expensive, that they sell well is a good sign of prosperity. A new novel costs between £1 and £2. Why? The printings are very small, between 5,000 and 6,000 (none the less there are so many publishers that there is no shortage of books to buy). Then, the paper is excellent, really too good; the printing is perfect, and the typography a joy from page to page; and the bindings are beautiful, rich and sturdy. A German book is obviously built to last generations. There is, too, this continental habit of non-competitive capitalism: the publishers do not want to make their books cheaper. Thus, there is no equivalent to our Everyman's Library: a novel by Dostoevsky costs as much as a novel just published. And cheap reprints appear—if they do—about ten years after the books' success, in very limited editions, and at prices that Englishmen or Americans would find just beginning to be reasonable. The publishers have long claimed that the Germans want sturdy books. But now their claim is belied by the amazing—to them—success of paper-back editions. When the choice is between nothing to read or a paper-back edition, the whole world chooses the paper-back edition. Good titles appear in editions for about two marks, or 3s. 6d., but the books are not so well made as the English Penguins; they hold up for only two or three readings, and one series is even printed on newsprint.

In east Germany the books are cheap; they are badly printed, in huge editions, but mainly because of lack of other titles. They come bound in pink, purple, and brown, like books from Moscow, and they do not sell. They are either selections from classical authors, with introductions studded with quotations from Marx and Lenin, or else just dull, new, social-realistic novels. Anna Seeghers told the January Writers' Conference in Berlin: 'Better books are written in west Germany'; an admission which made the west Germans snicker.

One writer popular in both east and west Germany, who had been banned by Hitler, is Kurt Tucholsky, and he is a real problem for the east zone. He was a Berlin journalist, a liberal, a socialist, a Jew who was chased out of Germany in 1933. But he was clearly anti-communist in his attitude; the east zone can bring itself to include only about one-fifth of his writing in its Tucholsky selections volume. After two years in exile he committed suicide: 'historical blindness', the introduction to his east-zone edition tells us—he did not correctly see that the

U.S.S.R. was the answer to the problems which had bothered him. In west Germany he is represented by a sentimental novel, two travel diaries, and four volumes of his journalistic writings: stories, sketches, poems, short articles. His style is marvellous, a clean *hoch Deutsch* with the popular accuracy of a dialect. In his tastes, his judgements, his humour, and his enthusiasms and hates, he was the model for what a modern liberal European should be; with the touch of sensitivity that one does not always find in socialists, or at least in German socialists. I mention him, though he is, and will remain, a much-loved minor writer, because it seems interesting and important to me that he sprang immediately back into his place as soon as post-war publishing started. Indeed, his serious, non-belligerent humour and love of troubled people was needed after the war as much as it was during the depression. It is a pity he defies translation: his introduction into English would let us see the strength of that part of the German character which we would find most sympathetic, and which often seems to escape detection.

But the most popular writer in Germany now is Stefan Zweig. Those with enthusiasm for Kafka and love for Thomas Mann read him; those who are bewildered by Kafka and will not put up with Mann read him. And why is he so popular? Because he is so intensely German; he is serious, and takes 'serious things' seriously.

The real cultural problem of democracy is not how to teach, as in America; nor what to teach, as in Russia. In Germany, where the how and what have always been known, one sees that the problem is not in the schools, but outside, when school is over: the resulting uniform and superficial appreciation when taste is taught *en masse*. And the great German love of cultural heroes and their products is learned by rote, enthusiastically, without that necessary feeling of intimacy with the artist as another human being. Everyday, bad performances of Beethoven, Bruckner, and Bach instead of outraging the German audiences move them to tears. Genius is looked at and wondered at. At a recent Picasso exhibition in Munich, I saw a film of Picasso performing antics in his studio, drawing almost pornographic pictures for the camera with a twinkle in his eyes. No one laughed. And when finally I did, people turned and stared at me, to see who the barbarian was.

Stefan Zweig became famous by sharing and giving articulation to this serious, non-questioning, wondering, respectful, hitherto mute enthusiasm; he wrote the fan-magazine material for cultural stars: his biographies of famous people. When people first noticed that culture, in all fields, was necessary, and music and poetry were being written for people not interested in them, he wrote the first historical biographies for people not interested in history nor in biography.

I have been talking about an Austrian writer in a talk about German writers. But Zweig, though an Austrian, believed in Deutschland, the cultural unity of all lands where Deutsch was spoken. Such an ideal makes him a German; the same respect for all abstractions: honour, service, culture, deep feeling, genius. The result of sharing so many enthusiasms is writing like this: 'Isn't it marvellous that Proust locked himself up at night—suffering from hay-fever too—*saw no one*, and wrote so marvellous a novel', or that Balzac invented so many characters; or that what Verdi did at eighty . . . , or Mozart at six . . .

Language of Formalisation

German is a language of formalisation and not a language of query. It sounds so authoritative that a question often has the finality of an answer. The grammatical logic and rhythm make a question close like a statement, without demanding an answer, as a question does in English. Even some statements, such as 'this was a moment of great psychological importance', demand explanations in English. But in German such a statement actually carries as much weight as 'this is a Rembrandt'. Zweig's technique is a combination of the two: 'This was a moment of great psychological importance for Rembrandt'. Of course, from such a technique, one learns nothing new, psychologically or factually, about the subject of the biography. But an old and broken man, twice exiled from the land of his language, his reputation, Zweig wrote one magnificent book, *Die Welt von Gestern*, about the world he

had lost, and that we lost, too. The book is a memoir, not an autobiography; even in a book that should be about himself Zweig bows out to the geniuses he had met. But because he had met them, drunk tea with them, eaten dinners with them, they come through in this book as personalities. Hofmannsthal, Rilke, Rodin, Freud, Strauss: we see them as men, and the world that existed round them, and, too, we see Zweig, and we cannot help but love him.

His short stories and his one novel are trashy melodramas, of high morality: be kind to prostitutes; doctors should not want to seduce their lady patients; officers and gentlemen should not let crippled young ladies fall in love with them unless they want to sleep with the young ladies—all very sensitively stated, though at length; the plots explore every possibility of the situation, just as his style explores every meaning of any idea. But they are fun to read.

Style and Sensitivity

His one achievement, other than the *World of Yesterday*, is his style: his German has the quality of his personality and not, as with many masters, the Germanic qualities of the language. That indicates actually no triumph but a complete harmony with the part of the language and the part of its concepts in which he made his home. One cannot help but be charmed by his style. Also one cannot quarrel with his sensitivity, his deep sentiments; they are all correct, and really noble. But one cannot help but be annoyed and exhausted by their unexamined acceptance. That Zweig is so popular in Germany is a great lesson for us about the German character. We Anglo-Saxons love, are sentimental about, mothers, puppies, old age, bewilderment; the Germans about genius, *Kultur*, art, sensitivity. This has been both the great strength and the tragically exploited weakness of the German people.

Hitler destroyed not only the matured writers, as Tucholsky and Zweig, but those who should be in fullest maturity now. Two of them, almost his last victims, are now represented each by a single volume of collected works. Felix Hartlaub, who at thirty-three disappeared in the war, in 1945, and Wolfgang Borchert, who died at twenty-six in 1947 from illnesses contracted during the war.

Borchert wrote mostly in the two years before he died in a Swiss sanatorium. His was the last cry of the destroyed generation, the soldiers—once the youth—who returned with broken bodies and spirits to destroyed cities, to nothing. The war deprived him of his adolescence, and returning he wrote as our young people try to do: lyrically, painfully. But our young people's pretty prose is without substance, his was not; the pain, the hurt was real, dreadful, god-awful. He shocks and moves to tears. He has been translated into English, and his play *The Man Outside* was presented by the B.B.C. in 1948. It was the first big post-war success of the German theatre: a play about a returning soldier. It is now almost too powerful to take; I cannot imagine what it must have seemed like to the people who saw the play while they lived in the circumstances.

The other writer, Felix Hartlaub, is mostly famous for a diary he kept during the war, in Germany, Paris, Rumania, and finally as a historian in the main headquarters at Berchtesgaden in 1943, '44, and '45. Naturally, we want to see intimately the important events in the headquarters in these last years of the war from a point of view with which we can sympathise. But in keeping such a diary he had to be careful; and the result is a style so careful, so impersonal, and in the end so precise, that one is hypnotised by it. One finishes reading him with the world turned into things, the existence of which resists embellishment as well as denial. What one sees turns into the same hard, verbless sentences that Hartlaub writes. Such an effect is bound to have influence on other writers. We also have several stories, even a play, letters, written from his adolescence onwards; but no full work, written outside of fear with the mastery of style developed in the diary.

But if you ask, 'Has there not been an important novel, or book written since the war?', you will be told, after a little thought, 'Oh yes, Max Frisch's *Stiller*'. The idea of an important book startles the Germans: they think of important persons, personalities. Ernst Jünger, for instance, has never written an important work but has become important through the bulk of his writing. He is an essayist who bristles with developed ideas; he thinks like a philosopher but without that fearful concentration away from the world. In his essays, his contemplation starts when he looks at a thing. As a face, as a figure, he is easy to grasp, but not as a personality. But his tying ideas down to things makes him a constant influence, one that follows us out of the library on to the street. He has been publishing steadily, almost every year, since 1920; but no important book outside of a *succès de scandale*, when

in 1941 a novel that was allegorically anti-Nazi managed to get through two printings before being banned. The novel was *The Marble Cliffs*, and its publication was a feat of bravery more than a literary event.

Max Frisch, a Swiss-German writer, has only three hardly known plays and only one novel, *Stiller*. He is not yet important. True, *Stiller* is not the type of book to create enthusiasm: it is not dramatic nor exciting nor dogmatic. It is beautiful, thoroughly interesting, and quieting. And this is strange because the book is a very American kind of novel (only an American should be allowed to translate it into English) and our literature, as you know, is not quieting. Indeed, the theme of this novel, self-acceptance, is one of America's great worries. But Frisch's novel does not have the American self-pity, nor the American easy revolt against society. Indeed, the plot is a classical French one: how I brought my mistress to her death. And, as in the two great classical examples, *Adolphe* and *Le Lys dans la Vallée*, the last word is added by a reader of the manuscript. Both Gide and Hemingway forgot this touch.

The narrator and the person who will not accept himself is, or was, a bad sculptor by the name of Anatol Stiller. He disappeared from Switzerland four years ago, and we meet him after he has tried to return, under another name with a forged Mexican pass. He has been arrested, and we first meet him filling up notebooks in a Swiss prison: 'I am not Stiller' are his first words. He relates the daily interrogations of both the defence and prosecuting attorney, and the meetings with his friends, all of whom he finds pleasant, but he refuses to recognise them. He writes about these people he meets—half reminiscence, half fantasy—and we begin to see what Stiller was like, not very pleasant.

We meet his wife, whom he had really left in the lurch—sitting in a tuberculosis sanatorium—and, through her life, we see the marriage. She is frigid, but that is presented as a problem for her, not just for the husband. Then why and how he left her is related. The adultery he went into is told, first by the betrayed husband, then by the wife and lover. We always see Stiller as he affected others. And adultery is here not an adventure whose denial would kill the better half of the soul, but an act that affects the emotions and lives of others in an already functioning society. And here Frisch actually uses German as an investigating, enquiring language; and he evades lapsing into the monumental, which the Germans demand of their writers. There is no explanation nor cold analysis, but fresh, moving presentation of feeling, and when the philosophical core of the book is finally presented, it is as undogmatic wisdom:

In the precept that we should love our neighbours as ourselves, it is understood that we love ourselves as we were created!

The postscript, after Stiller's return to his wife, is written four years later by the prosecuting attorney. Upon leaving prison Stiller did not try to start life over again, but unambitiously to continue. He lived with his unhappy tubercular wife near Lake Geneva, made pottery, and drank. He was not only adult but already old. When his wife dies, his friend tells him:

Your trouble was that you loved someone who couldn't feel your love. That in itself is sad enough, aside from the conceit that one likes to be a little happy, too, when one loves.

Frisch has come to the non-German conclusion that there is no last word.

Recovery of Time Lost

The German-speaking people feel an international cultural unity that the English will never allow the English-speaking world to feel, so I have felt free to discuss an Austrian and a Swiss when talking of modern German literature. Hitler tried to capitalise on this feeling of unity, and by doing so almost destroyed it as well as its meaning. But here we have the first real advance in post-war German literature made by a Swiss: the digestion of all that we in the rest of the world have learned, thought, tried out, finished, or just played with, has been accomplished; and as a result a good European novel has been written in German, with the thoroughness of development that belongs to Germany, with the deep feeling of responsibility that belongs to Germany, and with the extra wisdom that should come from living in the middle, right in the middle, of western civilisation. The time lost by Hitler has been almost recovered.—*Third Programme*

The famous love story of King Louis XIV of France and Marie Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin, is once more described entertainingly by Monica Sutherland in *Louis XIV and Marie Mancini* (Cape, price 16s.). It is mainly based on French secondary authorities.

The Problem of England's Canals—I

E. E. RICH on the historical background

THE charm of many of England's canals makes one forget that the purpose of a canal is not to beautify the landscape or to provide for a weekend population but to provide a route for freight. The difficulty of reconciling charm and utility has surrounded our canals with so much controversy that, knowing something of their historical background and believing in the dictum that the historian needs bigger boots, not more books, I decided to go and see them. In this talk I shall discuss the geography and historical background of our canal system: in my next talk I shall describe my tour and discuss some of the conclusions to which I was led.

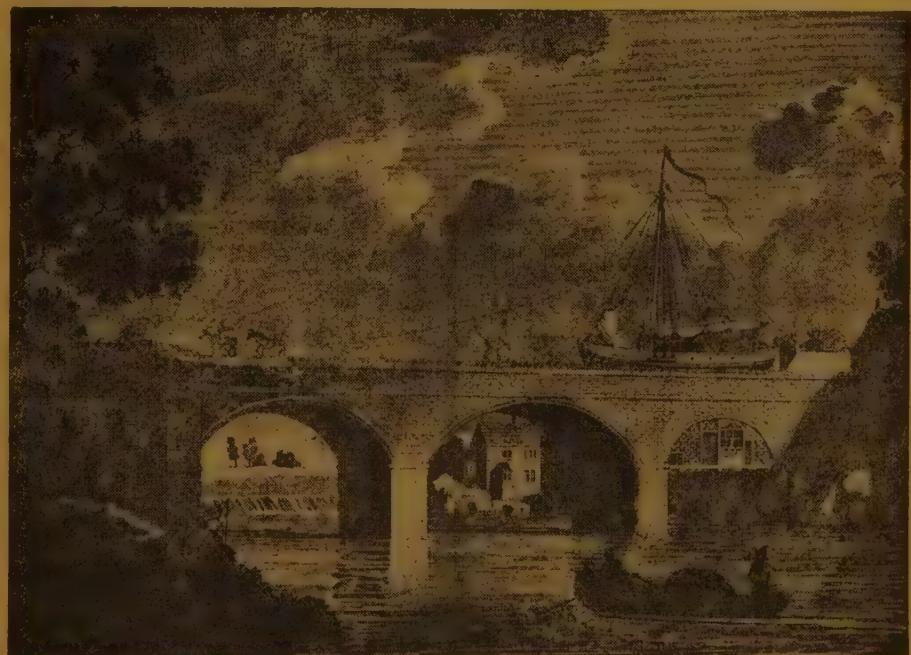
In all of its aspects, the canal is dependent on the working of the Pound Lock—a device which was probably worked out on the Continent during the Renaissance and which made its appearance in England during the reign of Elizabeth I. The Pound Lock has the supreme merit of allowing water-borne traffic to be taken up or down hills. This it does, not by making water flow uphill, but by holding it at the higher level and providing a lift (in the lock itself) to raise or lower the traffic.

In such a device there are, clearly, many great advantages, and some inescapable limitations. When the Pound Lock was first introduced to England it was put to use to make our rivers navigable. The earliest known example is that on the River Exe at Topsham, where the lock and weir made it easy for shipping to go up to the city quays. That lock was in working order by 1564, and then for about two centuries the rivers of England were steadily improved, held up by weirs to give a head of navigable water, cleaned and scoured to give a safe course, and fitted with locks to allow the lift from one level to another. The work was spasmodic and uneven. But by the time Defoe made his tour of England it was reckoned that England had over 1,100 miles of navigable river and that no part of England lay more than fifteen miles from navigable water. Commercially, this was a great asset to the country, for the cost of freight by water is always considerably less than that by land—and this was markedly true in the days when the pack-horse or the country wagon was still the chief means of land-transport.

The system, however, did not work to advantage in hilly districts, where too many locks would be needed to overcome the gradients. Cumberland, the Pennines, the Peak District, Wales, the Welsh Marches, and Devon lay outside of this general system (although they had their rivers, often exceedingly busy); and the flow of traffic followed the course of the river. It would therefore ultimately reach a seaport and would then become dependent on coastal shipping unless it were halted at some market *en route* to the sea. It could not use river transportation to cross from one area of England to the other.

But in the eighteenth century, as now, England contained four great metropolitan areas from which traffic needed to flow. These were the Lower Thames and the Port of London; and the Humber and the Port of Hull. The two great centres on the

east coast were balanced by two in the west, by Liverpool and Bristol. Each of these four great areas was marked by a great port from which seaborne trade could be distributed inland by river transport, and each drained to the sea for transit by coastal shipping (or perhaps by ocean-going vessels) the produce of a large and mixed agricultural and manufacturing area. But these four great areas of England's economy were



The Barton aqueduct over the River Irwell on the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal between Worsley and Manchester, opened in 1761: an eighteenth-century engraving

From 'British Canals', by Charles Hadfield (Phoenix House)

not connected by navigable rivers, for the river-drainage systems which they dominated were separated, each from the other, by a height of land and a watershed, and the difficulties of connecting London and Hull, or Liverpool and Bristol, were almost, but not quite, as great as those of connecting east and west. Certainly the advantages of coastal shipping were plain in such a context—until war and the French privateer made coastal shipping dangerous and costly.

It was during the French wars that the public imagination was captured by the thought of building a system of canals to link up the four great commercial areas by inland waterways which would not be vulnerable in wartime. Examples of canal-building from the Continent were before our eyes, and the work already done upon our rivers had given us a pool of surveying and engineering skill, as well as of interest and enthusiasm for inland water-transportation. This, from about 1760 to 1830, was the great period for the rebuilding of England's roads. The transition from road-making to canal-building was almost fatally easy.

As early as 1755 the great



The double lock and east entrance to the Islington tunnel on the Regent's Canal, c. 1827
W. T. Spencer

road-maker James Brindley was already engaged on a survey for the construction of a canal which would link Liverpool and Hull. He was then diverted by the Duke of Bridgewater to build the epoch-making short-length cut from Worsley to Manchester. This ten-mile cut was working by 1761; it brought the coals of Worsley to Manchester at half their former cost, and it diverted English canal-builders, bursting with enthusiasm, from the difficult task of constructing trunk routes to join the major areas to the more easy (and apparently more profitable) business of building short 'cuts' and 'feeders' to serve immediate purposes within the industrial areas.

Magnificent and Intricate System

The result was the development of a magnificent and intricate system of canals. The Birmingham Canal is, perhaps, the strategic centre of the whole. There, with 159 miles of waterway coiling through and about the city of Birmingham and the surrounding mining and manufacturing district of south Staffordshire and east Worcestershire, the canal came into its own. Enthusiasm was enormous, and capital, on the whole, easily available; engineers grasped their chance and, for example, ran the Birmingham Canal at three separate levels each unbroken by locks, but with a complicated system of thirty locks at Tardisbigge to transfer traffic from one level to another. The *expertise*, however, was always in danger of defeating itself and, for example, a system which contained 216 locks on 159 miles of navigation could not be cheap or even reasonably expeditious to run, and could not pay a reasonable return on the enormous capital outlay.

Enthusiasm nevertheless continued, and the period of canal construction lasted until a new idea possessed men's minds. From the advent of the railway boom, canal construction ceased. As with the turnpike roads, little or nothing was attempted after 1834. By that date England had about 2,500 miles of man-made 'cut' and she had, including the rivers, over 20,000 miles of navigable inland waterways. Not only had the industrial areas cheapened their short transport costs but the enthusiasm had carried through to link up the four great centres of our economy. There was still little of importance to the west of Bristol or to the north of the Humber. But the Grand Trunk had joined the Trent and the Mersey systems, and had been linked on to the Birmingham system by 1784. It was an eighty-eight-mile 'cut', which brought the salt of Cheshire, the pottery of Staffordshire, the ironwork of Worcestershire and the Black Country, and the cottons of Lancashire into contact with the woollens and steel of Yorkshire and the Baltic produce of the Humber.

The Oxford Canal then linked up the Thames at Oxford with the Coventry Canal. This was a 'cut' of a little over eighty miles, and it joined the vast commerce of the Pool of London to Warwickshire and Birmingham, and so to the Trent and Mersey systems. This route was supplemented and improved when the Grand Junction was opened in 1805. Running from the Thames at Brentford (or alternatively from Limehouse through Regent's Canal) it worked north through Hemel Hempstead and Dunstable to Norton Junction near Daventry. Here the Grand Junction joined the Leicester Branch, running north to the Leicester and Loughborough Navigations and joined the Trent at Nottingham. So the Grand Junction gave London a link with the Humber and its basin. The Junction itself turned west from Norton and led through Braunston (where the Oxford Canal makes a contact) to Warwick and Birmingham. So London had a workable route to the Humber, and two routes to the Black Country and the Mersey. Then, in 1791, the Bristol and the Birmingham areas were joined up when a forty-six-mile 'cut' from Wolverhampton to Stourport made the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal.

Three Routes Which Failed

The fourth contact, between London and Bristol, proved more difficult and less profitable. Three 'cuts' were dug: the Wiltshire and Berkshire Canal from Abingdon on the Thames near Oxford to Swindon and Chippenham, and so to the Bristol Avon (begun in 1795); the Stroudwater Canal from Lechlade on the Upper Thames to Stroud, and so to the Severn (open in 1789); and the Kennet and Avon Canal, which used the Kennet River from its junction with the Thames at Reading up through Newbury and Hungerford, and by locks and cut over the Marlborough Downs to Devizes, and so down through Bradford-on-Avon, Limpley Stoke and Bath into the Bristol Avon, to the great western port.

All three of these routes failed. The Wiltshire and Berkshire Canal, running through predominantly agricultural country, never got adequate

freight. The Stroudwater started with the disadvantage that the Thames was barely navigable at Lechlade, and that it then crossed the summit of land to Stroud over a bed of porous oolite through which millions of gallons of water seeped away daily. The Kennet and Avon cost over £1,000,000 but was completed and in working order in 1815; it contained 106 locks in eighty-eight miles, and a 'flight' of twenty-nine of these at Devizes made a serious barrier to traffic. All water had to be pumped up to the summit reaches, and traffic was therefore slow and costly. The best dividend ever paid by the Kennet and Avon was 2½ per cent. in 1825.

Each main route had its offshoots—some reasonable, some not. On the whole the central Midlands best showed the scope of the canals. They served a useful purpose there, were not faced with undue obstacles, and so paid well. The Birmingham Canal, for example, paid 70 per cent. and a bonus, the Trent and Mersey paid 75 per cent. and a bonus, in 1825. Such rewards stimulated, and in part paid for, extravagant ventures elsewhere. The Thames and Severn junction by water never paid, nor did the agricultural cuts to the south or west of it—the Basingstoke Canal, the Wey and Arun to join London and Portsmouth and to carry manures and agricultural produce, or the Somerset Coal Canal.

But the most extravagant attempts to force canals to work in inappropriate conditions were to be seen not in the south but in the north. There the Rochdale Canal was driven over the Pennines at a cost of ninety-two locks and two tunnels in thirty-two miles between Manchester and Sowerby Bridge (near Halifax). Further north, the Aire and Calder Navigation took traffic from the Humber (or from any of the subsidiary systems of Yorkshire) to Leeds and so by the Leeds and Liverpool Navigation north to Skipton and then south through Nelson, Burnley, Blackburn and Wigan to the Mersey basin. The route involved 104 locks in 106 miles, and shortage of water on the summit made it always precarious. The third attempt to conquer the Pennines was the Huddersfield Narrow Cut. With locks only about seven feet wide, it goes straight up the side of the hills from Huddersfield, through the Slighthwaite Tunnel, three miles long, at the summit, and down into industrial Lancashire at Ashton-under-Lyne. With seventy-four locks (as well as the tunnel) in its twenty miles of cut, it never could pay—and never did from its opening in 1815 to the present day.

Locks of Two Sizes

The Huddersfield Narrow Cut illustrates the defects of English canals in other ways than by its crazy courage in driving a waterway over the Pennines. For its locks are of two sizes; and narrow boats would be too long (about seventy-seven feet) to use the broad locks, while broad boats, suited to the broad locks, would be too wide for the narrow locks. A costly change of boats was therefore necessary, as on the Grand Junction itself, and on many other canals.

The fascinating and ingenious network of waterways thus acquired has always produced results which provoke comment, especially since the period of canal construction ended abruptly with the advent of the railways, and many canals were then purchased by railway companies. It has been inevitable that the tradition should arise that the railway companies diverted canal traffic to their own routes and then neglected and ruined this priceless national asset. Instances of neglect there certainly are; instances, too, in which railway companies have maintained their canals in first-class order at considerable cost. Each case varies, and it is hard to make a generalisation—as a succession of royal commissions has discovered. For the railway companies were forced, by one means and another, to take over many miles of ill-advised, defective, or useless canal, often with a statutory obligation to keep the route open. Typical of this is the Kennet and Avon Canal (much in the news of late) which found its exiguous traffic taken by the Great Western Railway. The Canal Company therefore asked to be allowed to build a rival railway, and the Great Western could only smother this opposition (not from the canal but from an opposition railway) by buying out the canal company which sponsored it. The purchase was effected in 1851, and for the best part of a century the railway company kept the canal, never economically justified, in some sort of repair.

The climax of royal commissions came in 1909, with the Fourth and Final Report of the Royal Commission on Canals and Inland Navigations. This is a most informative and stimulating document (for those who like reports of royal commissions), but not entirely satisfying. For the majority reported that although it was not fair to say (except perhaps in a few instances) that railway companies had got control of canals in order to strangle them, nevertheless it was true that they normally felt little desire to do more than their bare legal duty in maintaining

them. Normally they were not accused of allowing the waterway to decay, but of discouraging the traffic. A minority report put the case for the railways much more strongly, with emphasis on technical advantages in the railways, mismanagement by the canal companies, and the fact that however much canals were improved they would always remain an inferior means of transport in a country such as ours.

There seemed such difference on so important a topic that, since I shared with most of my countrymen the illusion of a canal as a calm and comforting background for a restful holiday, I decided to go and see. So, in the summer of 1931 a friend and I, in a small motor-boat, set off on what was planned as a leisurely canal-tour 'from York to York by inland waterways'.—*Third Programme*

New Light on Fifteenth-century Social History

KATHLEEN WOOD-LEGH on William Savernak's account book

AFEW years ago, I had the good fortune to come across among the muniments of the town of Bridport a little volume of household accounts dating from the mid-fifteenth century. Household accounts belonging to that period are by no means rare; but those in this volume appear to be unique in that they are concerned not with a great establishment, but with a household consisting normally of two old priests of modest means and their one servant. But, before going on to discuss the contents of the book, I must say something by way of introduction, about the house to which it belonged and the priest who was its author.

St. Michael's Lane

Those who are familiar with Bridport may remember that one of its principal streets is called St. Michael's Lane. The name perpetuates the memory of a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, where in 1361 John Munden, a man of some local importance, established a perpetual chantry of two chaplains to pray and celebrate masses for the souls of himself and a number of other persons. He endowed the chantry with land and rents in Bridport and the neighbouring villages sufficient to provide for all its expenses including the payment to each of the two chaplains the relatively high salary of £5 a year. Moreover, he assigned them for their habitation the house in the town in which he himself had been wont to dwell, and furnished the chapel with the books, vestments, and ornaments that would be needed for the celebration of the prescribed services. Munden also did what he could to provide against dishonesty or inefficiency on the part of future chaplains by requiring that one of the two priests should administer the property, making the necessary payments and applying any surplus to the upkeep of the buildings by the advice of the rector of the parish church and the bailiffs of the borough. Moreover, the rector, bailiffs, and commonalty of the town were annually to visit the chantry to see that the chaplains had not alienated the goods of the chapel and to enquire into the state of the house.

It was doubtless in compliance with this regulation that the accounts in the extant volume were compiled, and the close connection between the chantry and the town explains its preservation with other muniments of the same chantry, in the borough archives. We do not, however, know in what circumstances it passed to the town nor how it happens that the only accounts of Munden's foundation to survive are those contained in this one volume.

They are practically the work of one man, William Savernak, who was warden of the chantry from Michaelmas 1453 until his death in September 1460. All that I have been able to discover concerning his earlier life comes from a few entries in episcopal registers. In 1409, the Official of Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, granted him letters dimissory, allowing him to be ordained first deacon and then priest by any Catholic bishop, and by virtue of these letters he was ordained to all holy orders by the Bishop of London at Michaelmas in the same year, on the title of the small Wiltshire priory of Ivychurch. The next notice of him occurs in 1441, when the Bishop of Salisbury instituted him to the rectory of Ibberton in Dorset on the presentation of Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devon. This rectory he held until in 1452 he exchanged it with John Towning for one of the places in Munden's chantry.

There he had as his companion a still older priest named John Trewen, probably a Cornishman who had been in the house since 1439 and who, at the time of Savernak's admission, was in charge of its affairs. At Michaelmas in the next year, 1453, as I have said, the administrative

duties seem to have been transferred to Savernak. He began at once to keep the accounts that have come down to us, entering them into the little paper volume bound in a solid parchment cover which he may have purchased and which, at any rate, he reserved exclusively for that purpose.

Writing mainly in Latin, but with English words, especially technical terms, freely interspersed, he compiled annual statements of what had been spent on all the properties from which the chantry derived its income; and also showing under separate headings the expenses of the chapel, including the provision of bread, wine, and lights for the celebration of the prescribed masses; on the upkeep of the chantry house with its garden and dovecot; and on gifts, rents, and wages. What is even more valuable to the modern enquirer, he wrote down week by week the amounts paid for the various items of food and drink and noted what persons in addition to the normal members of the household had been at table.

It is unlikely that the visitors, who, as various signs and corrections in the book show, regularly inspected the accounts, required all these details, especially those concerning food and hospitality. Indeed, the founder's direction that the chaplains should agree between themselves about the expenses of their table would seem to have exempted their domestic affairs from scrutiny. Why Savernak chose to record them we do not know. To judge from the cleanliness of the manuscript and the care with which the numerous corrections have been made, he must have taken pride in the work, and he may have been one of those rare people who delight in keeping accounts. Moreover, he may have known more than the average chaplain of how accounts were kept in great establishments. His presentation to Ibberton by the Earl of Devon suggests the possibility of his having been at some time in the Earl's service, in which case he may have learned how such tasks were performed by Courtenay's officials, and drawn upon this experience for guidance in his own task. The bailiffs of Bridport, when inspecting the accounts, may have thought Savernak pretentious or over-particular; we cannot fail to be thankful for his meticulous attention to detail, since he has given us thereby a remarkably full and vivid picture of the daily life of himself and his fellow-chaplain.

Their home, originally the founder's own house, probably compared favourably with the houses of the more prosperous burgesses. The accounts show that it contained a hall, a kitchen, a pantry, and a separate chamber for each of the two chaplains. There may also have been one or two other rooms where guests could be lodged. There was also a garden and an orchard and the whole property was surrounded by a wall or fence which in six out of the seven years of Savernak's administration was in need of repairs.

Sieve for the Perry

From the wages paid it is clear that the chaplains normally employed only one servant, who presumably did the ordinary work of the house, including the cooking. In the autumn, he may have made perry, for which purpose a sieve was bought for twopence in Savernak's first year, but brewing and baking seem not to have been among his duties, as the sums spent weekly on bread and ale imply that these were purchased as required, and among the utensils bought in Savernak's first year was an earthenware pot for fetching the ale. The servant probably fed the pigeons, for whose sustenance a quarter of peas or of peas and beans was bought each year; but on the one occasion when we know that the dovecot was cleaned, the task was committed to a labourer, John Clek, who received 2d., a day's wages, for the job. Much of the work

in the garden, too, was done by men specially hired for the purpose. John Clek and other labourers weeded, propped up the vine, or repaired the fence, while men of greater skill, who were paid at the rate of 3d. a day, grafted and pruned the vine and the trees. A laundress was regularly employed at 4d. a quarter to wash the linen in the pantry and the chapel, and on one occasion a seamstress was engaged to mend the towels and tablecloths.

Thus the one household servant's work cannot have been excessive, especially if judged by contemporary standards, yet, contrary to our notions of the servant problem of the past, the chaplains seem to have had difficulty in keeping their servants, or in finding ones that suited them. In all, they employed ten men successively during the seven years covered by the account book, for periods of service varying from that of John King, who was with them for nearly three years, to that of William Wontchaser who served for only a few weeks.

Food and Hospitality

But by far the most illuminating parts of the account book are the sections devoted to food and hospitality. These show that the chaplains' diet was far from the monotonous one of salt meat or fish, bread and dried peas, on which most of us were taught to believe that people subsisted for the greater part of the year. Bread indeed invariably heads the list of the weekly purchases; peas too were bought, though in moderate quantities; oatmeal, *farina avenarum*, a peck of which was obtained every few weeks, being apparently a more regular part of their diet. They clearly consumed a good deal of salt fish, ling, conger eel, cod, whiting, and, in Lent, both red and white herrings; but they also took advantage of Bridport's position on the coast to obtain fresh fish. We do not know what proportion of their fish was fresh, '*in piscibus recentibus*' being all that we are told about it. But this description occurs frequently in the weeks of Lent and occasionally at other seasons. Probably the mackerel purchased early in April, the time when people of that locality still expect to get their first mackerel of the season, was eaten fresh. In Lent the chaplains bought mussels, cockles, whelks, and oysters—oysters more frequently than any of the others, and not only in Lent.

Still more instructive are the chaplains' purchases of meat, which appear in the accounts for every week except during Lent. Savernak, especially during his first two years, often noted the kinds. In fact the phrase '*in carnis bovinis, ovinis et porcinis*', beef, mutton, and pork, occur so constantly that one might be tempted to regard it as mere common form if veal and lamb were not also mentioned sometimes. Moreover, in one week, that just after Easter in 1454, the price of each sort is noted—beef 5d., veal 3½d., lamb 2½d. There is nothing to indicate whether the meat was salt or fresh, but, if salt, it is surprising that it was always obtained weekly, never in larger quantities to store as was much of the salt fish, especially as a round of brawn was bought from the butcher each year. In Dorset, with its comparatively mild climate, where I am told the grass grows for ten months in the year, the keeping of animals through the winter, or at least till the butcher was ready to slaughter them, was doubtless easier than elsewhere, but records from other parts of the country corroborate the view that the older historians have greatly exaggerated the extent to which salt meat was eaten. Thus the contemporary account book of William Morton, one of the obedientaries of Peterborough Abbey, suggests the use of fresh meat throughout the winter.

Dried Fruit in Lent

The rigours of the Lenten diet, when neither meat nor dairy products were permitted, were somewhat mitigated by the use of dried fruit. Dates were bought once, raisins several times, and figs almost every week. Raisins seem to have been wanted also at other times, especially at Christmas, but figs appeared only in Lent. The end of the long fast was regularly marked by the reappearance of the various sorts of meat, the reduction of fish to a minimum, and by the purchase of such things as eggs, butter, cheese, and milk, or some of them. In the week after Easter in Savernak's last year, 100 eggs were obtained for 4d. (Eggs were relatively cheaper then than now, but the difference was not as great as it sounds. John Clek the labourer would have had to work for two days to earn 4d.) Eggs and the various dairy products, especially butter, appear fairly frequently in the spring and autumn, less often in summer and only rarely in winter, but there seems to have been no season when they were unobtainable.

What fruit and vegetables the chaplains had is hard to guess, as the purchase of onion seed on two occasions is the only hint we have of

what grew in the garden, and the fruit in the orchard is never mentioned though presumably the vine which needed pruning yielded grapes. But not all that was needed was grown at home. In his second year, Savernak bought three-score wardons, a kind of cooking pears, and in four different years he bought what he called '*arbusti*', probably '*arbuti*', crabs. Once, in the summer, he noted a payment for pears and beans.

The chaplains shared the contemporary taste for condiments and spices of many kinds, buying mustard, vinegar, saffron, ginger, cloves, cinnamon and pepper, though all but the last-named in what must have been very small quantities.

The chaplain's staple drink was ale which is always the second item on the list of their weekly purchases. Normally what they bought was ale of the second quality, '*servicia secunda*'. (Savernak, like many others, habitually transposed the *c* and *s* in *cervisia*, thus writing '*servicia*'). Best ale, '*servicia optima*', was bought on only a few occasions, usually, it is clear, for the entertainment of guests. Wine was regularly offered to the bailiffs and others coming to the house for the annual visitation. Judging from what it cost, about a gallon must have been bought for this purpose. It was also purchased for specially honoured guests, such as John Bettiscombe, a country gentleman and lawyer who frequently dined at the chantry.

Many of those whom Savernak notes as having been at table were workmen—carpenters, tilers, thatchers, masons, carters, and labourers, for all of whom meals were a substantial part of their wages. There is no mention of what was served to any of these people but their presence is immediately marked by an increase in the sums paid for the staple bread, ale, meat and fish, and I believe that they received an abundance of this homely fare. As might have been expected, a number of the chaplains' guests were priests, some of them serving chantries or parishes in the neighbourhood. Once, in Savernak's fourth year, John Towning, probably the man with whom he had exchanged benefices, was there, and it looks as if John Spiney, the chaplain of St. Catherine's chantry in the parish church and John Bettiscombe were invited to meet him, and that they all feasted on sucking pig. Burgesses of Bridport, especially the two who most frequently held the office of bailiff, were also among the guests and were occasionally accompanied by their wives.

There are many more details of the old priests' daily life which there is no time to discuss now, but which Savernak will reveal to those who study his little book. The light which it throws on the social history of the time may fitly be compared with that of the tallow candles he bought at 1d. a pound to supply what artificial light the household required. It is no doubt a feeble light but soft and friendly, causing those who see it to feel more at home in that distant period.—*Third Programme*

Expatriates

Not British. Certainly
Not English. Welsh,
With all the associations:
Black hair and black heart
Under a smooth skin
Sallow as vellum; sharp
Of bone and wit that is turned
As a knife against us.
Four centuries now
We have been leaving
The hills and the high moors
For the jewelled pavements,
Easing our veins of their dark peat
By slow transfusions.
In the drab streets
That never knew
The wild stream's sibilants
Our tongues are coated with
A dustier speech.
With the years' passing
We have forgotten
The far lakes,
Aled and Fiddwen, whose blue limitus
Alone could absorb
The mind's acid.

Art

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

IN the business of art criticism much use is made of labels; they are of the sticky variety which curl and cling to each other, smear as they are affixed or become obstinately and immovably attached to the wrong things. I myself have been guilty of fastening the label 'realist' to certain young painters who could not easily be catalogued; but in fact, although they confuse that which is already chaotic, labels are too convenient to be dispensed with. The exhibition of Mr. Josef Herman's paintings and drawings at the Whitechapel Art Gallery tempts me to discuss—I would not dare to define—that label which bears the legend 'social realist', for Mr. Herman, who emerges from this important exhibition as a considerable figure in contemporary British art has—despite his affinities with Rouault, Chagall, and the central-European expressionists—a claim to the title. The greater part of his work provides a moving record of the undeniably social realities of a Welsh mining village. The tedium, the pathos, and the dignity of the miner's life are strongly conveyed; in every picture we have the same mood, the same reverent tribute to labour and to a land where it is always late afternoon. The world of Ystradgynlais is dark and ponderous, almost grotesque in its gravity; the very dogs are elephantine, the miner is heavier than the rock on which he sits.

This sombre gravity of manner is made possible by an extraordinarily intense and single-minded purpose and also by an ability to comprehend the density and structure of masses which gives Mr. Herman great assurance and power as a draughtsman. In this very strength one may perceive his principal weakness: his drawings have more life than his paintings; even the big study for the Festival of Britain panel suggests rather a cartoon which has been coloured than a design conceived in terms of paint. Building his forms by means of ever-darkening scumbles upon a bright under-painting, he creates a 'dim religious light', but a light in which colour becomes simply a means to greater mystery in his forms, a thing superadded upon the drawing and not resulting, I think, from the initial impulse of the subject. Thus, it seems that as the picture progresses the artist becomes less interested in nature and more preoccupied by the emotional veils in which she is to be clothed.

Compare these simplified images of humanity, generalised almost to the point of caricature, with J. F. Millet's 'Laitière Normande' at Tooths' (where there are many admirable things to be seen, including a superb Vuillard). Millet, no less than Herman, attempts to pay homage to the manual labourer; too often his intense sympathy degenerates into sentimentality, but here one is reminded that he belonged to a generation which felt the tremendous impact of Courbet and, far more than Herman, he is a true realist. He accepts the complexities of nature and, although his peasant is stupefied, almost brutalised, by her toil, there is also a certain truthful grace in her movement. Herman's swift vigorous drawing is more immediately expressive, but it is less subtle, less richly evocative of life.

The Beaux Arts Gallery, which is in a sense the spiritual home of social realism in this country, at present houses the



'Peasant in a Field', by Josef Herman

sculptures of M. S. Brandon Kearn, sculptures some of which are finely sensitive but in which a tendency to imitate the *objet trouvé* or to indulge in plastic pleasantries produces an effect of indecision. Those pictures of Mr. Jack Smith which are in the same gallery provide another example of what seems to be social realism. His tottering, pallid children, his squalid scenes beside the kitchen sink certainly remind us of social realities that we might prefer to forget. But they bear much the same relation to the realities of our age that Murillo's urchins did to the realities of his. Fortunately the interiors of Mr. Herman's houses do not consist wholly of Jack Smiths. They are more likely to contain the pictorially intractable material provided by cream paint, oatmeal wallpaper, the bevel-edged mirror, the china alsatian, and the television set: a painter with a strong enough belly to assimilate such dainties would indeed be a 'realist'. This is not to say that those whom we should perhaps call our 'social expressionists' are not to be applauded in that they have returned, by way of the picturesque, to the great tradition of factual observation; the flight from reality is much more dangerous than a preoccupation with its more sensational aspects.



'Laitière Normande', by Millet

For all his great gifts Mr. Avigdor Arikha, who is at present exhibiting at the Matthiesen Gallery, might do well to consider whether this is not the case; he starts from reality but he drifts into a world of dreams—sometimes of nightmares. His dreams can be exceedingly beautiful, he has a gift for finding luminous harmonies of colour; but in the process he comes perilously near to the sterile subjectivity of abstract art.

In Search of a Canaanite City

YIGAEL YADIN on excavations at Hazor

WE have been engaged in the archaeological investigation of the Biblical city of Hazor. In the time of Joshua, Hazor was an important centre among the cities of Canaan; indeed in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Joshua occur the words: 'For Hazor beforetime was the head of all those kingdoms.' If we can firmly identify the site of this city, if we can piece together something of its history and character from the material remains and fix the date of its final destruction, we shall have provided Biblical scholars and historians of the period and the area with a point of reference of some significance.

For there is no doubt about Hazor's importance in early ages. It is not merely frequently referred to in the Bible, but it is one of the few ancient cities of Palestine which is also known from pre-biblical literary documents coming from Egypt, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. It is even mentioned, for instance, in the Egyptian Execration texts of the nineteenth century B.C., which list potential enemies in the distant provinces of the Egyptian empire. Again, two of the most recently published letters from the important archives of Mari—the modern Tell Hariri on the Middle Euphrates—written c. 1700 B.C., inform the king of Mari that messengers from various cities in Mesopotamia are on their way to Hazor. Another letter tells the king that a caravan had arrived from Hazor and Qatna, accompanied by Babylonian envoys. Hazor at that time was clearly one of the most important cities in Palestine. It is, indeed, the only city in the area to be mentioned in those documents.

Hazor is later mentioned among the cities conquered by Egypt from the fifteenth century down to the thirteenth. There is an interesting allusion to it in the famous Papyrus Anastasi I (thirteenth century B.C.) in which Hori, a royal official, challenges Amen-em-Opet, the Scribe, to answer a number of military and topographical questions. It seems to be some kind of ancient military quiz game. One of the questions Hori asks is: 'Where does the *mahir* [a swift military courier] make the journey to Hazor? What is its stream like?'

Perhaps the most important references to Hazor in these ancient documents are in the famous letters found in the archives of El Amarna, in Egypt; these fourteenth-century letters came mainly from the petty kingdoms in the Middle East and are addressed to the Egyptian kings. In no less than four letters, the subject of the correspondence is Hazor. In two of them the kings of Tyre and Astarte complain that the king of Hazor has captured several of their cities and has rebelled against the Pharaoh. The other two letters are from the king of Hazor, denying the charges, reaffirming his loyalty to the Pharaoh, and bringing counter-charges against his neighbours.

These references show the importance of Hazor among the conquests of Egypt; but it is through the Bible that Hazor is really known to us

as a big city of strategic importance. According to the eleventh chapter of the Book of Joshua, it was Jabin the king of Hazor who had assembled the large army of allies which was defeated by Joshua 'by the waters of Merom.' This battle marked a decisive phase in the conquest of north Canaan. The Bible account goes on: 'And Joshua at that time [which must mean, after the battle] turned back, and took Hazor and smote the king thereof with the sword: for Hazor aforetime [which I take to mean, no longer at the time of the narrator, but at the time of Joshua] was the head of all those kingdoms . . . and he burnt Hazor with fire.'

Several generations later, during the period of the Judges, Israel again had to fight against a Jabin, king of Hazor. In the Bible account, they went into battle under Deborah and Barak, 'And the hand of the children of Israel prospered, and prevailed against Jabin, the king of Canaan, until they had destroyed Jabin king of Canaan'. This battle, which took place in 'Taanach by the waters of Megiddo', marks the beginning of the final phase of the subjugation of the Canaanites.

Two later biblical passages make mention of Hazor. It was rebuilt by Solomon and turned into one of the royal cities which were apparently intended to be garrisons for his hosts of chariots, and in 732 B.C. it was finally conquered by Tiglath Pileser III, king of Assyria. The last historical reference to it is in the book of Maccabees, where a battle is



Remains of the lower Canaanite city of Hazor, destroyed in the thirteenth century B.C. (period of Joshua). In the foreground are walls of older cities from the eighteenth to seventeenth centuries B.C.

described as taking place 'in the plain of Hazor'.

It was these biblical chronicles that led Professor J. Garstang to suggest the location of Hazor as being within the ruins of the big Tell el Qedah or Waqas in the Huleh plain. These ruins lie about fourteen kilometres due north of the Sea of Galilee, and about eight kilometres south-west of Lake Huleh, and are in one of the most strategic areas of ancient Palestine—dominating all branches of the famous Via Maris leading from Egypt to Mesopotamia, Syria and Anatolia. They are right on the main highway to the north, while the present road to Damascus runs only about two kilometres to the south.

The site comprises two distinct areas. The first, the Tell itself, is a bottle-shaped mound, rising with steep slopes to about 130 feet from the surrounding wadis. The total area of the mound is about 25 acres, and it forms the southern edge of the second area, which is a large rectangular plateau, about 1,300 yards long by 750 yards wide. Three sides of this have a steep slope with a glacis, the fourth is specially protected by a large artificial rampart of beaten earth. Outside this again there is a moat. This type of site, large in area and fortified by beaten earth wall, glacis and moat, is rare. Only in Charchemish and Qatna is there anything comparable in character and size, and this led Garstang to suggest that the 'camp enclosure was large enough to accommodate in emergency 30,000 men with a corresponding number of horses and chariots.'

The identification of this site with the city of Hazor has been accepted by scholars since Garstang discovered it in 1926. In 1928 Garstang made extensive soundings on the site, in the hope of finding evidence to support his dating of the story of Joshua to the fifteenth century. He has briefly described his results in his famous book, *Joshua, Judges*. His main conclusion was that during the fifteenth century B.C.—the period in which, according to him, the story of Joshua began—the camp-enclosure 'was apparently occupied only by temporary structures, for troops or travellers passing through, whether tents of goat-hair or maybe huts built of papyrus reeds'. Moreover he reached the firm conclusion that during the fourteenth to thirteenth centuries B.C. Hazor's days as an important city were past—a conclusion that baffled most scholars, who believed that it was precisely during this period that the main phase of the Exodus and conquest of Canaan occurred.

Garstang based his conclusion on 'the complete absence of Mycenaean specimens'. Mycenaean pottery is a reliable guide to the dating of sites in this period, for it appears



centuries, it ought to show deposits of Mycenaean pottery. That it apparently did not was disturbing to many scholars, who thought that the final phase of the conquest was in the thirteenth century.

For the first season of our dig—which the expedition carried out in August, September, and October of last year—we had three main objectives. First, to gather evidence about the material culture of Northern Palestine: up to that time no serious excavations had been carried out north of the sea of Galilee. Second, to uncover the Israelite strata on the mound proper and to establish the date of its destruction. Third, to examine the character and nature of the big enclosure; was it just a 'camp' or a real city? If a city, when was it finally destroyed?

For these purposes, we excavated five selected areas of the site simultaneously. Two of these were on the mound proper, and yielded interesting finds. The first of them was chosen near a row of columns which Garstang discovered in the centre of the mound; he had assumed them to be part of a stable and to belong to the period of Solomon. Here we uncovered four strata, each representing a different city. The first—nearest the surface—contained the remains of a city dating back to the end of the eighth and beginning of the seventh century B.C. and is believed to have been a modest settlement built on the ruins of another city. The second stratum revealed a city effectively destroyed by fire. Its roofs had fallen in. The many beautiful vessels of basalt and pottery found still intact in their original places suggest that the population had fled in haste and had not returned. The date of the destruction, ascertained with the aid of the pottery, was the second half of the eighth century B.C. It was therefore assumed by us that



A Canaanite shrine of the thirteenth century B.C. discovered at Hazor, with a basalt sculpture of a deity and a row of stelae, one engraved with two hands and a sun disc within a crescent. Left: a basalt carving of a lion, also found in the shrine

in the Middle East only after about 1400 and disappears again towards the end of the thirteenth century. If Hazor was still flourishing in the fourteenth and thirteenth

strata of iron age cities; these will be excavated next season.

These seven strata, all encompassed within a period of about 500 years, will supply us with most important pottery material classified within a narrow time range. The most important single find in this area was in the third stratum: it is a bone-handle of a sceptre or mirror, bearing beautiful carvings of a four-winged figure, holding in its out-stretched hands a stylised 'Tree of Life,' in the so-called Phoenician style.

Our second area was sited at the western tip of the mound at its most fortified point. Here we discovered several citadels, one on top of the other. The most recent belongs to the Hellenistic period, the oldest



A public building, with monolith columns, in the fourth-stratum city excavated on the mound at Hazor: the city dates from the ninth century B.C. (period of Ahab)

this must be the city destroyed by Tiglath Pileser III in 732 B.C.

The third stratum city contained typical ninth- and eighth-century pottery. The fourth stratum contained many vessels of the Samaria type, and for this and other reasons we fixed the date of its construction, tentatively, to the period of Ahab (874-852 B.C.). The most important structure in this stratum is a large public building with two rows of nine monolith columns, two metres high, some still intact. The first row was partially uncovered by Garstang in a very narrow trench and the second was discovered by us. The three strata above them all made use of the pillars but in different ways. The two lower ones embodied them within their walls or demolished those which interfered with their architectural plans. The top stratum embodied the top of the pillars as part of the floors.

Although we cannot be certain of the exact function of the building (during both phases of its occupation), we found enough to establish that it could not have been a stable. The absence of mangers, and, more important, the absence of indentations on the posts and the presence of household pottery between the columns, are but three discoveries which discount the stable theory. The suggestion is rather that the two rows of pillars were part of a long building supporting a second storey. A narrow trial-trench which we dug just before the season ended showed that even below the fourth stratum there are at least another three

to the Israelite. On top of the ninth-century Israelite citadel, which was only partially excavated this season, stood a citadel built sometime in the eighth century but reconstructed and used during the Persian period in the sixth or fifth century B.C. It is in the form of a square, with a central open court flanked on its north and south by oblong halls. The entire building was surrounded by small living rooms. Its construction included the erection of a partition wall in the northern hall. This wall contained many niches to which several crude mangers had been added; and this suggests that during this period the building served a small cavalry garrison. The most important find from the Israelite citadel is a partly broken ivory-box (Samaria style) bearing carvings of a winged sphinx and a kneeling figure, praying to a 'Tree of Life'. Part of the big Israelite city-wall (five yards in thickness) and an isolated two-roomed tower, were discovered in the immediate vicinity of the citadel.

Our other excavations were on the big rectangular plateau. The most important was in the south-western corner, close to the beaten-earth wall. The excavations here had the threefold objectives of verifying the nature of the 'camp area,' ascertaining the date of its last occupation, and determining the technical details of the construction of the wall.

The discoveries here were startling. First, one metre below the surface we found signs of a well-built city with houses and a canalisation system. Second, and much to our surprise, we found the floors of these houses littered with Mycenaean pottery and many other vessels and objects of local make, all dating back to the last phases of the late bronze age—that is, the thirteenth century B.C. In other words, here was definite proof that the last city in this big enclosure met its end in the thirteenth century—that is, the very period considered by most scholars as the date of Joshua's conquest of the country.

I do not imply that we have here as yet any proof that this city was destroyed by Joshua. Such an assumption can be tested only by future excavations. But certainly one of the snags to the thirteenth-century theory of Joshua's conquest of Hazor was Garstang's conclusion, based on the absence of Mycenaean pottery, that the city had been destroyed about 1400. This obstacle has now been removed.

Another important discovery in this area was that there were several layers below the thirteenth-century structure, containing previous cities ranging from the Middle Bronze Age II, the eighteenth to seventeenth centuries B.C. (the so-called Hyksos period) down to Late Bronze I, the sixteenth to fifteenth centuries B.C. These will be excavated in greater detail during next season's campaign.

But the third and most important discovery of the season came, as usual, within the last fortnight of the excavation. Two small Canaanite

temples of the Late Bronze period, one on top of the other, were discovered at the foot of the beaten-earth wall. Only the central part of the temples was cleared this season, but the yield was rich. In a central niche, high above the floor, we found the 'Holy of Holies.' It contained a basalt sculpture of a male figure, perhaps a deity, seated on a throne, holding a cup. A row of several stelae, with rounded tops, was placed just to the left of the figure. All were devoid of reliefs, except for the third, which bears a simple but effective design: two hands, palms upstretched as if in prayer; above is the emblem of the deity—a sun disc within a crescent.

To the left of the row of the stelae we found a basalt orthostat, bearing a relief of the head and forelegs of a lion on its narrow side, and a crouching lion with tail between its legs, on its wide side. This group is unique in Palestinian archaeology—and in many respects also in the entire Middle East. And although there is a clear northern (that is to say, Hittite) influence, it is local Canaanite in execution and detail. The many vessels found *in situ* near the sculptures and the stratum of the temple, point to its date as the thirteenth (or possibly the end of the fourteenth) century B.C. Here we have the boldest representation of Canaanite art on the eve of Joshua's time—of which so little has been known up to now. Our hopes are high for next season's dig, when we shall clear the whole temple area.

The other areas excavated in the rectangular enclosure demonstrated that these finds, and the conclusions reached from them, were characteristic of the whole area. Again we found that the latest buildings belong to the thirteenth century, and are built on top of previous cities, the oldest of which dates back to the Hyksos period. There was a rich harvest of pottery from these areas also; and the most important single object we found in them was a small fragment of a jar bearing two letters of the so-called Proto-Sinaitic alphabet—the alphabet from which were evolved the old Hebrew script and later the Latin alphabet. The letters were LT. This is the first time that this script has been found in Galilee; and its date, the thirteenth century, is close to that of a similar jar bearing a similar inscription found some years ago by the late J. L. Starkey in Lachish.

Our one major interim conclusion is that the area of the enclosure was really a city and that during the Middle and Late Bronze periods, Hazor—if this is really Hazor, as we believe—was indeed one of the greatest cities in Canaan. And with its 40,000 population—which we estimate from the various facts we have laid bare—it rightly deserves the description given it in the book of Joshua: 'For Hazor beforetime was the head of all those kingdoms.'—*Third Programme*

Gardening

Planting and Sowing in April

By P. J. THROWER

If you have alpines in the garden it is an opportune time to clean up round them, just stirring the soil to freshen it up; and a top dressing of fresh soil will do them the world of good. A mixture of soil and peat with a little bone meal, or the peat and bone meal added, makes a good top dressing, not only for alpines but other plants in the garden, too; it needs to be only about half an inch spread round the plants.

As the plants begin to grow in the spring it is a good time for feeding, particularly if you use the slower acting organic manures such as bone meal, steamed bone flour, hoof and horn meal, or the meat and bone; there is on the market a by-product known as skin and bone meal with added magnesium, and it is at a most reasonable price compared with other organic fertilisers. The important thing when using any manures such as these, in fact any bag manures; is to keep them away from the stems of the plants; far too much damage is done every year by putting concentrated manures too close to the stems and leaves of plants; they should be sprinkled on the surface round the plants and lightly stirred in; the roots will find them, or at least the soluble plant foods from them, and you can rest assured they will not be wasted.

When sowing seeds, too, it is as well to remember that the seeds should not come into direct contact with manure. For instance, it is wrong to scatter fertilisers along the drills before sowing seeds; if there should be little or no rain to wash it into the soil the young

seedlings will be scorched. If it is necessary to use manures on a seed bed, scatter them over the surface before the bed is raked over; they will then mix with the soil and not be concentrated in any one place. Fertilisers are an expensive item; you cannot afford to waste them and less still afford to damage your plants and seedlings; use them only lightly, not more than about a tablespoon round a plant or about two ounces (a good handful) to each square yard on ground you are preparing for sowing and planting, and you will get full value for your money.

If I am using them for feeding pot plants I prefer to use them in solution, and I use a complete or general fertiliser at the rate of a dessertspoon to a gallon of water. It is worth mentioning now that there is nothing gained, in fact more can be lost, by feeding plants in pots before the soil in the pot is full of root. To try to feed a newly potted plant will make it sickly or even kill it, and a plant that looks yellow and sickly will not be improved by trying to feed it; if it has not a healthy root, it is no good feeding it. The cause of a pot plant turning yellow and sickly is often owing to too much water or too low a temperature, and by reducing the amount of water for a time it will soon recover. If the pot is full of root and it is starved, that is a different matter; feeding under these circumstances will make all the difference. These remarks apply to plants growing in the house or on the window sill as well as to those growing in the greenhouse.

And now to planting and seed sowing. Seed potatoes of the early varieties are not too plentiful, owing, no doubt, to so many being frosted during the very severe weather. I notice there are a number of large tubers amongst the seed potatoes this year and this will lead to a good deal of discussion as to whether it is wise to cut them or not: some say it does not make any difference, some say it does, and so the argument goes on. If the tubers are on the large side, I would be for cutting them every time; so long as there are three or four good shoots, or the same number of 'eyes', whichever the case may be, more is gained than lost by cutting them; in any case you have two to plant instead of one, and each half will produce as good a crop as one which has not been cut. I am sure it is wise to cut them a few days before they are planted to give them a chance to heal over before they go into the soil.

For planting and sowing we usually say, 'make the soil really firm before you begin', but for potatoes it does not need to be so firm; they do not do so well in a soil that is too firm. If it is several weeks since the ground has been dug, then by breaking down the surface it should be firm enough; newly turned-over ground will no doubt need treading all over, otherwise it will be too loose. Potatoes are a crop which will repay for the use of fertiliser, and a general or complete manure is the best; that is one which contains nitrogen, potash, and phosphate, and when you buy it you should be given a ticket telling you the percentage of each contained in the fertiliser. This can be sprinkled over the surface of the soil, a good handful over each square yard before you break down the surface, and it is not necessary to break it down as fine as you would for a seed bed. I can well remember the time when we used to plant potatoes with a large dibber; I am sure it is not by any means the best way, I much prefer to put the garden line across the garden and make a trench with the spade about four inches deep, place the seed potatoes at intervals of about fifteen inches along the trench, and rake the soil back over them. They need about two feet between the rows for earlies and about two-and-a-half feet between for main crop.

One of the most troublesome complaints of potatoes that we have to some extent control over at the moment is what is known as 'common scab', those rough, corky-like markings on the skin. This is bad in many gardens and allotments, particularly in towns and on the lighter soils. Generally speaking, it does not affect the crop to any great extent, but spoils the appearance of the tubers and causes waste when it comes to scraping and peeling. It is owing to a lack of humus in the soil and is caused by bacteria which normally feed on dead and decaying matter in the soil, but where this is absent they turn their attention to the potatoes. Liming, by the way, makes it worse, and it is never wise to lime ground before planting potatoes. Manure is, I know, difficult to get, but garden compost, peat, spent hops, lawn mowings, or anything like that, will help considerably. The cleanest potatoes I have ever seen were grown in almost pure leaf mould.

Potato-root eelworm is getting troublesome, and particularly on old-established allotments. There is not much at the moment that can be done about that, and the only way is to keep potatoes off for a number of years. Good cultivation is one of the important things, and this again does stress the importance of having a proper rotation for your crops however small the garden or allotment.



—mignonette, which makes up in scent for its lack of colour

The seeds to be sown this month include onions, parsnips, broad beans, and peas if they are not already sown, and in addition to these, lettuce, spinach, carrots, beetroot, cabbage, and cauliflower. There is now a seed dressing which you can buy in small packets to treat vegetable seeds; this protects the seeds and seedlings in the early stages from fungus diseases and insect pests, and it is during the first week or so in the soil that is the most critical period. The powder is dusted into the seed packet and shaken up with the seeds so that a coating will stick to the seeds. I notice the instructions on one make say it should not be used on flower seeds.

There will be numerous flower seeds sown, particularly by those fortunate enough to have a greenhouse; many of the half-hardy annuals can be sown now for planting out in late May or early June; they will be useful, too, because it looks to me as though geraniums will be scarce and expensive. I think salvias make as bright a display as the geraniums. They need a temperature of fifty-five to sixty degrees for successful germination. Ours go from the seed boxes to soil blocks, and as we grow 5,000 or 6,000 it is a big saving in flower pots. The soil blocks are ideal for growing most of the plants for planting out, and many of the annuals can be sown directly into the blocks, two or three seeds in a little seed-soil in the top of the block. You can now get a small gadget for about £1 to make your own blocks.

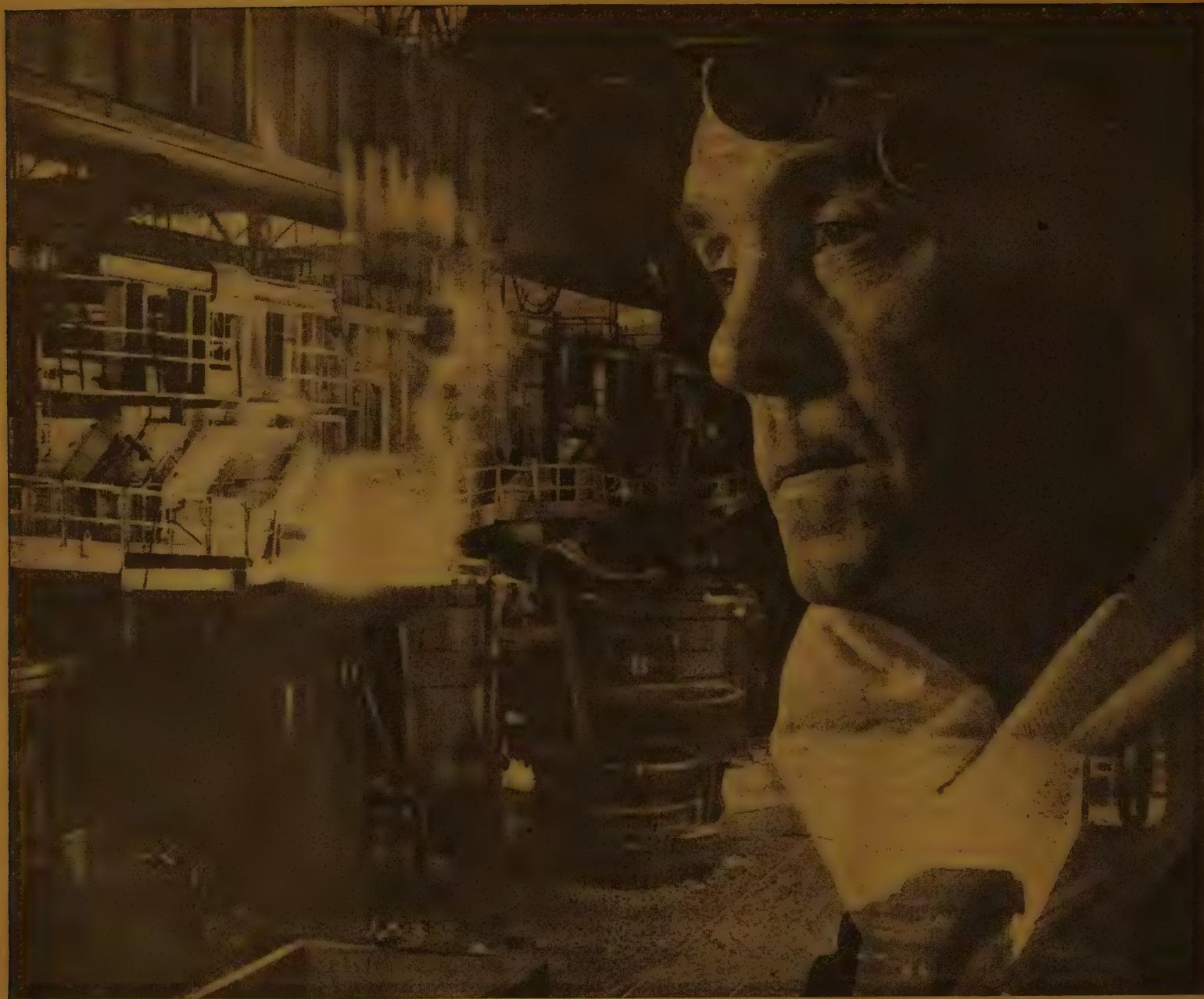
Greenhouse owners will be thinking of potting or planting tomatoes, too; you will find they will do better if you leave them until towards the end of the month when the outside temperatures are higher. It is important that they have a minimum temperature of fifty-five to sixty degrees. If you have means of keeping that temperature, then there is no reason why they should not go in soon. If you have a staging in the greenhouse it is best to grow them in large pots or, to be economical, in orange boxes which can be bought for about a shilling or even less; one plant can be planted in each section of the box.

If you have no greenhouse, then your cheapest way of making a colourful show in the garden is to grow the hardy annuals; these can be sown outside any time this month when the soil is fairly dry. They can be sown in groups amongst the herbaceous plants or in a bed or border to themselves. The soil can be raked down finely as for sowing other seeds, and the seeds of the annuals sprinkled on the top and just raked into the surface. They are sun-loving plants, so must have a place where they get plenty of sunshine, and they will need thinning out as they grow and some twiggy pieces of stick placed between and round them to prevent them from being battered down. The hardy annuals include cornflower, clarkia, godetia, annual chrysanthemums, lavatera, love-in-the-mist, and mignonette—not so colourful as some of the others, but its scent is delightful. You can buy most of them in fourpenny or sixpenny packets, and so long as the dead flowers are continually cut off during the summer they will flower through to the autumn.—*From a talk in the Midland Home Service*



Two hardy annuals that should be sown this month are godetia and—

Outdoor Salad Crops is the title of a Ministry of Agriculture bulletin (Stationery Office, price 2s. 6d.): The publication covers not only the commoner salad vegetables but also the less familiar ones—chicory, endive, corn salad, and celeriac. It deals, too, with suitable soils and methods of cultivation. There are forty-eight pages of text and eight pages of illustration.



Steel life

LEONARD SAGE is first hand melter in a South Wales steelworks. He has been making steel for over forty years. Skill and experience like his are vital to the industry.

Men like him keep the steel flowing. It goes out across the whole world. As cars, tractors, tinplate and household appliances.

As the world's demand grows, British steelmakers increase their efforts to turn out steel of the quality and quantity needed. Behind these increased efforts are men of the calibre of Leonard Sage.

British steel leads the world

Letters to the Editor

Furnaces Untapped

Sir.—In his interesting talk on working-class writing, 'Furnaces Untapped', published in THE LISTENER of April 5, Mr. W. J. Morgan discusses a recent editorial of mine in *The London Magazine* and the correspondence which arose from it. In one important particular he misrepresents my view—and misquotes my words. What I wrote was that 'indignation and idealism do not operate within the terms of the old working-class struggle'. Mr. Morgan leaves out the crucial qualification 'old' and then goes on to object that this is 'thinking in terms of the 'thirties'. I was, however, pointing to a specific (and I think incontrovertible) historical fact: that the working-class stories of the 'thirties had their impulse in a kind of idealism and indignation the conditions for which no longer exist; and that with the disappearance of those conditions the stories have disappeared too.

It may well be that 'indignation and idealism in personal relationships', as Mr. Morgan suggests, *should* produce working-class stories as good as those that came from the indignation and idealism of a political mass-movement; but my experience at any rate is that so far they do not; and the point of my editorial was to put forward some hypotheses to explain it. Mr. Morgan himself supplies one of the most plausible answers I have heard to the riddle, when he describes how his neighbour in a factory where he worked objected to Mr. Morgan's own writing about working-class life because, by its realism, it was a kind of betrayal to the class enemy. That is, the factory worker or miner cannot conceive of writing by anyone of his own class *without* indignation and idealism of the traditional kind. The real vitality of working-class life, in all its earthiness and its poetry, is, it seems, in spite of the post-war changes in the social climate, still under a taboo for working-class writers; and I am reminded that far the best novel of working-class life from this point of view, *Living*, was written by an Etonian and factory-owner, Mr. Henry Green—at the height of the old struggle.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN LEHMANN

Sir.—Mr. W. John Morgan in his talk 'Furnaces Untapped', has embarked on a subject which is vastly interesting and covers a wide field of controversy. I agree with Mr. Morgan on so many of his points but feel that this talk which, in the nature of things, could not have been written early in the century is now nearly too late. Then, there was so little recognition of the need for it, and yet the need for it was there, crying out. At the beginning of this century, when the socialist movement, Marx-conditioned, was really getting under way, the working classes were, at least on paper, inarticulate. It was a few, a very few, of the upper-middle classes who spoke for them. For example, one was William Morris.

I do not see how any writing about the working classes, fiction or otherwise, could have dissociated itself from political thinking at that time. The two were indivisible, and I agree with Mr. Morgan that this has had a harmful effect on English fiction, but I go further and say that much of the stuff of the 'furnaces untapped' has gone for ever. Working-class living as I and all those born in the early part of this century knew it, bears no comparison with working-class living today. Workers of the 'fifties have not the slightest conception of the suffering, toil, and degradations which made up a good part of the lives of their fathers and grand-

fathers. Had they been articulate, surely the picture would have changed sooner.

One or two writers of the period (D. H. Lawrence and A. J. Cronin are two that come to my mind) did try, rather successfully I think, to give some idea of the life of one section of workers, the miners. Today, less than thirty years after those novels were written, the whole picture has changed. Then, the miner more often than not walked miles to and from work, came home begrimed with coal dust, and bathed in a tin bath on his hearthstone. Low wages gave him and his family just a bare existence. The mine was part of that existence; it was ever present. Today the miner's family knows little of the mine which provides them with so many comforts. (Few miners are without a television set, for instance.) The miner returns home fresh and spruce from the pit-head baths, special buses take him to and from work. There would be less urge now for anyone to depict a collier's life, and this applies to other trades also.

Those leaving the lower classes by way of education, technical or otherwise, have, I feel, a fear of ever having to return to it; and this, I think, could cause a sensitivity which might inhibit a desire to write about it. This, of course, is all controversial, but, as I see it, the working class as a whole is disintegrating. The mass is splitting up into layers, each one impinging on and penetrating into the other. Some day, maybe, the layers will have been pounded by evolution and by man himself into the powder of a classless society. The 'untapped furnace' of Mr. Morgan's article will have disappeared for ever, and I think, as the leader-writer in the same number of THE LISTENER remarks, in agreement with Mr. Morgan, that it will not matter very much then, whether it does or not now.

Yours, etc.,
St. Helens MARY FILLINGHAM

The Sense of Prophecy

Sir.—The shortcoming of the men of vision for whom Mr. C. M. Woodhouse looks (THE LISTENER, April 5) is that as a class their visions have been destructive as often as creative. Rousseau, for instance, and Nietzsche are among the destroyers. Vision combined with action may give an Akbar or a Churchill, but also a Louis XIV or a Hitler. As the English have always tended to be more Laodicean than other peoples, and the more prosperous, the more Laodicean, they have been slow but sure in their response to what turned out to be creative visions and comparatively immune to destructive ones.

Mr. Woodhouse ends by equating thinkers with men of vision. But this is surely wrong. Our lives are increasingly being influenced by those thinkers, Newton and Faraday, among others, but were they visionaries in the sense that any one of the people mentioned by him could be said to be? Nor does any withdrawal of intellectuals into an ivory tower constitute a betrayal in the sense of '*la trahison des clercs*' expounded by Julien Benda. For this was the preaching of the value of instinctive prejudice, irrationalism, and herd-behaviour instead of the improvement and increasing realisation of the Hellenic-Roman-Jewish-Christian culture which had been the professed aim and duty of '*les clercs*' for many centuries.—Yours, etc.,

BROMLEY HILDERIC COUSENS

Recollections of German Historians

Sir.—I have read with great interest Professor G. P. Gooch's very interesting reminiscences of German historians (THE LISTENER, April 5).

There is just one point to which I would draw attention. I note that he attributes Lord Haldane's remark 'Germany is my spiritual home' to an occasion when, leaving the hospitable house of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, he remarked 'Germany is my spiritual home' to Professor Oncken. Possibly the words that did Lord Haldane so much harm in 1915 were said on that occasion; I do not know. But I was present on the occasion when Lord Haldane addressed a meeting at the University College, Aberystwyth, where I was at the time lecturer in physics, and heard a most delightful address by Lord Haldane in 1912 or 1913 on, I believe, 'The Meaning of Nationhood', in the course of which he remarked, dealing with the fact that he went to Germany to study philosophy, when Oxford was open to him: 'I went to Göttingen because Lötz was there, and Germany is my spiritual home'. This, I think, is the commonly accepted origin of the remark.—Yours, etc.,

Cheltenham J. S. G. THOMAS

Hymns as Poetry

Sir.—In his review of *Hymns as Poetry* (THE LISTENER, April 5), your contributor refers to the three Moravian hymns included therein as 'discoveries'. This is hardly the case, for these hymns are well known to most students of eighteenth-century church history. They were severely criticised by John Wesley on more than one occasion. They are the product of 'The Sifting Time', when Moravianism fell for a time below its former high standard.

They are by no means, however, typical of Moravian hymnody, and the anthologists are hardly fair in including these 'museum pieces' and omitting all reference to the magnificent hymns of Spangenberg, Zinzendorf, the Nitschmanns and Cennick. It would be as logical to include 'We are seven' and to exclude 'Tintern Abbey' from an edition of Wordsworth, or to judge Elgar by 'Salut d'amour', and to omit the 'Enigma' Variations.—Yours, etc.,

Leeds CLIFFORD W. TOWLSON

Some Seventeenth-century Prices

Sir.—The seventeenth-century prices quoted by Miss E. C. R. Lorac in a recent talk (THE LISTENER, April 5) are so interesting that your readers might like to compare them with those in South Wales in 1683.

The will of William Morgan of the parish of Llangenny in the County of Brecon, Gentleman, was proved in that year and affords both a confirmation of and a contrast to the documents from Lunesdale: 'Wearing apparel' at £1 10s. shows very little difference, and 'three standing bedd-steds and one trowling bedd-sted' at 17s. are much the same. One pair of curtains (not 'window clothing') are worth 3s. and four table boards and frames £1. The furnishing appears lavish for the times, with fourteen pairs of fine and coarse sheets (£2 16s.), seventeen pewter platters, three saucers, four pewter porringers, fourteen pewter spoons (£1). Brass was much more valuable than pewter, two brass pans being worth 15s. and two brass crocks £1.

Agriculturists will be interested to know that a horse and mare were together worth only £2 10s.; twenty-six sheep and ten lambs £1 10s., while four acres of barley are valued at £1 16s., four acres of pease at £1 10s., and seven-and-a-half acres of oates at £3.

Perhaps the most surprising item of all is the last one: 'Things forgotten . . . 16s.'

Yours, etc.,
Havant A. R. HAWKINS

NEWS DIARY

April 4-10

Wednesday, April 4

United Nations Security Council unanimously agrees that Mr. Hammarskjöld, the Secretary-General, should investigate situation on Arab-Israeli borders

Treasury states that sterling area's gold and dollar reserves increased in March by \$67,000,000

Princess Margaret is to visit Mauritius, Zanzibar, Tanganyika, and Kenya next autumn

Thursday, April 5

Fighting breaks out in Gaza area on frontier between Israel and Egypt: 33 people reported killed

Latest American proposals for disarmament published

Duke of Edinburgh is to travel round the world at the end of the year when he goes to open the Olympic Games in Australia

Friday, April 6

Left-wing Opposition wins a sweeping victory in the General Election in Ceylon

H.M. the Queen appoints Earl Attlee a Knight of the Garter

Details are published of the party of 44 which will accompany Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev on their visit to Britain

Saturday, April 7

U.N. Secretary-General arrives in Rome on his way to the Middle East

Mr. Malenkov arrives back in Moscow from his tour of Britain

Manchester United wins the Football Association League championship for the fourth time

Sunday, April 8

General Burns, the U.N. truce supervisor, discusses situation in Gaza area with the Israeli Prime Minister

Cardinal Griffin, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, calls on Government to take up question of religious persecution with the Russian leaders during their coming visit

Fighting between French forces and rebels continues in two areas of Algeria

Monday, April 9

President Eisenhower issues statement reaffirming intention of the United States to oppose any aggression in the Middle East

Professor T. D. Lysenko, President of the Soviet Academy of Agricultural Sciences, is relieved of his post at his own request

In Cyprus a terrorist letter is found giving orders for a bomb to be put on board an aircraft

Tuesday, April 10

United Nations Secretary-General begins talks on way to keep peace between Israel and her Arab neighbours

Britain offers to contribute £250,000 for technical help to countries in the Baghdad Pact

Houses of Parliament reassemble after Easter recess



Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations, with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, British Foreign Secretary, at London Airport on April 7. Mr. Hammarskjöld was on his way from New York to investigate the situation on the borders of Israel and her Arab neighbours. On the eve of Mr. Hammarskjöld's departure from New York, fighting broke out in the Gaza area on the Israel-Egypt border. After stopping for discussions in Rome with United Nations officials from the Middle East, Mr. Hammarskjöld arrived in Beirut on April 10.



The Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, is greeted at Madrid Airport on April 4 by General Franco. Discussions between the two leaders on the future of Spain ended on April 7 with the signing of a declaration in which the Sultan agrees to recognise the independence of the Protectorate.



A scene from the new production of 'Troilus and Cressida' (directed by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie) which opened at the Lyric Theatre last week. The costumes are of the period just before the first world war. The title-roles are played by John Neville and Elizabeth Harris. In this scene Aeneas (Denis Holmes), standing back centre, announces Hector's challenge to meet one of the Greeks in single combat. Left to right (middle stage) are Menelaus (Edward Harvey), Nestor (Dudley Jones), Ajax (Laurence Luckinbach) and Agamemnon (Derek Francis). Foreground, on steps, is Diomedes (Anthony White).



H.M.S. *Hardy*, the first of the Royal Navy's new anti-submarine frigates, berthed in the Pool of London last week. She has two of the latest type of three-barrelled mortars and is equipped with the most advanced kind of underwater detection apparatus

Left: one of the antiquities from the City of London which are on view at the Royal Exchange (temporary home of the Guildhall Museum). This fragment is from Cheapside Cross, destroyed in 1643. The cross was erected in 1294 to mark the resting place of the body of Eleanor of Castile, wife of King Edward I, on her way to Westminster for burial



A photograph taken at the London Zoo last week of a giant tortoise, believed to be about 150 years old, having his shell oiled to prevent cracking



A newly arranged gallery of eighteenth-century continental art was recently opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum—the last to be completed in a series of galleries assembling together in historical order the best in each department. This French bed is in a panelled room (probably north Italian) presented to the Museum last year and now on view for the first time

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Spring Books

'My Propensity to Happiness'

The Letters of Edward Gibbon. Edited by J. E. Norton. Cassell. 3 Volumes: 8 guineas the set

Reviewed by D. M. LOW

AFRIEND, Gibbon once told Lord Sheffield, is 'the best cordial of life'. Friendship indeed is the prevailing climate of this long series of letters, the bulk of which are addressed to Sheffield and Dorothea Gibbon, not to mention those to Madame Necker, d'Eyverdun, de Severy and others. Moreover, friendship with Gibbon radiated from one group to another, uniting Mrs. Gibbon and the Portens with the Holroys and later the English and Swiss adherents of Le Grand Gibbon. In all these letters and with 'my propensity to happiness' Gibbon reveals himself more truly than in his famous memoirs. The revelation of personality is entertaining and agreeable, and has come to be accepted in our time after a century and a half of misrepresentation. Yet even if—supposing such a person possible—a reader is not much interested in Gibbon, he should still find endless resources in these volumes. They present a solid slice of eighteenth-century life, surveying parliament (*Pandæmonium*), society and literature and are based on innumerable details of property, money, lawyers, farming, town houses, clubs, children, servants, food and clothes, and so on. A rich quarry, in fact, of social history, which may be all the more comfortably mined by the aid of a magnificent classified subject index supplied with others by the editor, and also by her apposite but not otiose commentaries which throw light upon many obscurities.

Housman laid it down that an editor's sole concern was to establish what his author wrote and what he meant. Miss Norton has pursued the first of these aims in two ways. In the first place: by scrupulous collation of MSS. she has purged the text of the inaccuracies and occasional wilful alterations which had been present in Lord Sheffield's and R. E. Protheroe's respective editions. Secondly, her task has been to garner many letters from printed or unpublished sources which were little or not at all known to previous students. Some more letters no doubt will turn up from time to time. It is unlikely that any considerable number has escaped her pursuit, and it is safe to assert that this edition can never be superseded and that Miss Norton takes her place securely with the great English editors of our century.

It could be wished that in her introduction she had drawn more specific attention to her discoveries. If they are not spectacular in quantity, they mostly have a quality which adds much to our appreciation of Gibbon. One or two may be noted here. There is the short, eager note (No. 385a) which Gibbon dashed off to Mme. Necker on the evening of his arrival in Paris in 1777. 'Me voici enfin, Madame', it begins, 'à Paris charmé surtout de me trouver dans la ville que vous habitez'. The original is in the state Public Library of Leningrad, the officials of which, it is pleasant to note, supplied a photostat. This message is a delightful addition to the other letters to Mme. Necker assembled here from various sources. Again, search has brought in from Calcutta some letters which, with others, show Gibbon exerting himself zealously to help a young man. This was Thomas Howell, believed by some to be the poet Hayley's illegitimate son. It was desired to get him a commission to serve in India. Gibbon successfully took up his case with Jenkinson, the Secretary of State for War, and Howell

was gazetted to the 101st Foot. Gibbon completed this pleasant episode with a letter of 'warmest acknowledgments' to Jenkinson, writing 'your most polite and friendly attention has enhanced the value of the obligation'. Such succinct urbanity is a part of Gibbon's control of every aspect of epistolary style.

There has, however, been some disagreement over Gibbon's merit in letter-writing. His use of the grand style in a mock heroic manner has been admired. Some, nevertheless, have found him too unvaryingly

formal, while one critic at least has described his letters as slipshod. If he was either the one or the other, it was always with intention. Gibbon could be both sedulously artful and, so he made it appear, artlessly informal. It is in his short notes dashed off to Lord Sheffield touching on a number of topics in a staccato and allusive style with ellipses of syntax that one is reminded of his debt to Cicero more immediately than by the more studied and balanced effusions, very much in the Latin manner though they are. Sheffield, indeed, was his Atticus in more than one way, and he was plied with Latin quotations and cryptic phrases just as Cicero was fond of giving his forerunner little doses of Greek. It is not suggested that Gibbon was always consciously imitating the Roman master. We know, however, that he had read deeply in his works before he was nineteen, and was so soaked in them that their influence was automatic. The Latin letters to

Breitinger, written in 1756, which Miss Norton discovered, prove a familiarity with Cicero's epistolary idioms. There is probably no other collection of letters in English which carries such close parallels to every phase of Cicero's correspondence; and is there any into which even dull topics of business are so relieved by buoyancy of tone and animated phrasing? Gibbon forged and developed himself through the classic mould. Lord Sheffield said: 'His letters in general bear a strong resemblance to the style and turn of his conversation', and we may well believe this, so clear is the impression of individuality.

Gibbon could also evoke the personalities of his correspondents by the modulation of his letters to them and we can realise them vividly in varying degrees. No one emerges more clearly through this medium than his stepmother Dorothea Gibbon. Theirs was a lifelong mutual devotion. If it is to her that he most often makes excuses for laziness in writing, a rough analysis of his correspondence year by year and month by month indicates that he was not so much remiss as she was greedy to have news of her brilliant stepson in town, and always eager to have him down to Bath. She made him waistcoats and lace, presented him with a dog and would have liked to see him married. Gibbon bravely hastened to Bath when she had smallpox ('Mrs. G's sort though confluent was a very good one') remarking slyly afterwards that although she expressed concern at his coming she would have been much more concerned if he had not come. He dreaded telling her of his decision to retire to Lausanne, and she did all she could to dissuade him, even offering to share her home and money with him. Gibbon treated her always with affection and good humour, and one suspects that he was as happy in her snug society at Bath as in 'the costly and tasteless vanities of the fashionable world'.



Edward Gibbon and Mme. de Silva: ink drawing by William Wallace, made at Geneva in 1791, owned by the Earl of Ilchester

From 'The Letters of Edward Gibbon'

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FABER BOOKS

The Death Penalty

A Life for a Life? By Sir Ernest Gowers.

Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Capital Punishment as a Deterrent: and the Alternative

By Gerald Gardiner, Q.C.

Reflections on Hanging. By Arthur Koestler.

Gollancz. 6s. and 12s. 6d. respectively

THESE THREE SHORT BOOKS tend, to a certain extent, to cover the same ground, but anyone seriously concerned with this subject ought to read all of them, since, although they reach the same conclusion, they approach the problem from different points of view.

Sir Ernest Gowers' book will necessarily carry the greatest weight as he was Chairman of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, 1949-1953. Strange to say, that Commission, in spite of its title, was not given authority to report on the question whether capital punishment should be abolished: it could only consider whether it should be 'limited or modified'. Nevertheless, it was inevitable that the members should, as individuals, have given much thought to the fundamental question of abolition, especially in view of the fact that they had been unable to agree on any recommendations which would limit or modify capital punishment in a satisfactory manner. It is, therefore, in this book that Sir Ernest, for the first time, has expressed his personal views on the death penalty as such, and the fact that, after long consideration, he has been converted to abolition undoubtedly influenced a considerable number of votes in the recent parliamentary debates.

He emphasises that, although no other criminal offence varies so widely both in character and in moral guilt, nevertheless it is impossible to divide murder into various degrees; thus premeditation is not an adequate test because some premeditated killings, as, for example, when a mother kills an imbecile child, are the most excusable. The only solution would be to give complete discretionary power concerning the death penalty to the jury, but there are few who have favoured such a step.

For those who have not read the 500 pages of the Royal Commission's Report, Sir Ernest's analysis of some of the evidence will be of special value. The great majority of the judges were against abolition, but the Home Secretaries were more evenly divided. The leaders of the Church have been cautious in taking a definite stand on this question, the Archbishop of Canterbury pointing out that the Church in its own corporate capacity does not pronounce on such a matter. He himself did not support complete abolition, although his predecessor (Archbishop Temple) did. In view of this conflict of personal evidence and of the inconclusiveness of the statistics, it is obvious that much must depend on the burden of proof, as no unanswerable arguments for or against capital punishment can be advanced; it is, therefore, of peculiar interest to find that Sir Ernest feels that those who support hanging ought to justify it.

The last chapter of this book, which is the most important, has given rise to some misunderstanding. In describing his conversion to abolition Sir Ernest says (page 135): 'Perhaps the turning point was when I learned what a large number of applications there were for the post of hangman'. Taken out of its context, this does not seem to be a strong reason on which to base so serious a conclusion, but it is clear that he is using this merely as an illustration of the morbid interest and excitement which capital punishment creates. The second misunderstanding is due to his remark that 'in the last resort, it is emotion rather than reason that will decide the issue'. This is true if we realise that our sense of values is always based on emotion and not on logic: thus it is emotion which makes us value mercy and dislike cruelty, and it is emotion which persuades us to regard human life as sacred. Sir Ernest's conclusions can give no support to the argument that those who favour abolition are sentimentalists and those who oppose it are realists.

Mr. Gardiner has done everything possible in his lucid book to meet in advance the accusation of sentimentality by refusing to argue the case *against* capital punishment which is based on the appeal which hanging makes to the sadistic emotions of the public, the danger that an innocent man may be executed, and the lessening of respect for human life. He examines the case *for* capital punishment, and he reaches the conclusion that there is no evidence to support it.

The essential question is whether capital punishment is an effective and a necessary deterrent. Mr. Gardiner shows that history has proved conclusively that in all other crimes except murder (treason is in a

separate category) it is both ineffective and unnecessary. Contrary to unanimous contemporary judicial opinion, the abolition of the death penalty in more than 200 felonies during the first half of the nineteenth century led to a decrease, and not an increase, in crime. The chief deterrent to crime is not barbarity of punishment, but certainty of conviction. The experience of foreign countries has supported this conclusion, for in no instance has the abolition of capital punishment been followed by a rise in the murder rate.

History and statistics have only limited persuasive powers because they are always met by the 'common sense' argument. Thus in the debate on the Second Reading of the Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill the Home Secretary, Major Lloyd George, said:

It is obvious that we cannot provide statistics of those who have been deterred, because we never know who they are. I still feel that there are people who have been deterred—that is only common sense; it must be so. I ask Hon. Members if they are honest with themselves, do they really think that the threat of hanging would not be a deterrent? Surely that is common sense.

Mr. Gardiner points out that this can be true in only a limited number of cases, because in those instances where the murderer is insane, mastered by passion, or persuaded that his crime cannot be discovered, the death penalty will not act as a deterrent. In the case of the professional criminal there is, of course, the possibility that he may carry firearms in the future if the death penalty is abolished, but the effective deterrent against this is the certainty that he will receive a much more severe sentence if he is armed when arrested.

Mr. Koestler spent three months under sentence of death as a suspected spy during the Civil War in Spain in 1937, and it is the memory of those days which has kept him, as he says, from writing 'in a cool and detached manner'. As a result, his book is more dramatic, but less convincing, than are the other two. His bitter attack on the judiciary is reminiscent of that made a century and a half ago by Bentham, but Bentham waited until his chief adversary had died before publishing his invective. It may happen that Mr. Koestler's book will antagonise more persons than it will convince, but no one who is interested in this subject will want to disregard it.

A. L. GOODHART.

The Happy Warrior

The Years of Trial and Hope. By Harry S. Truman.

The Truman Memoirs: Vol. II. Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.

IN THE Year of Decisions, Volume I of his memoirs, Harry Truman appeared as Strube's 'Little Man', the un-epic hero on whose shoulders the burden of the western world had fallen unsought and unexpected. In Volume II the image more nearly approximates to that of a Spencer Tracy, whom nothing any longer surprises and whose self-confidence in a crisis derives as much from his cool calculation as from the deep well-springs of his righteous indignation. The Greco-Turkish crisis of 1947, the Berlin blockade, the Korean War, the MacArthur 'mutiny'—these are all in the day's work now, exacting, of course, in the demands they make on the Man at the Top, but certain, all of them, to yield to forthright executive action backed up by the resources of American democracy and hallowed by the precedents of the American past. Did we feel nervous at the time, as we watched what seemed to be political opportunism over Palestine, over-indulgence of Chiang Kai-shek, a disposition to carry the atom bomb by the string? *The Years of Trial and Hope* is a sustained reassurance that our worrying was in one sense at least unnecessary—that Harry Truman always knew what he was doing. What is more, it is, in large part, a justified reassurance. We may remain sceptical about Palestine, we may note that there is little attempt to defend the sorry story of the hoarding of atomic secrets, we may contrast the few sidelong references to 'communist subversion' with Mr. Acheson's forthright criticism of his own party in *An American Vista*. But elsewhere the story carries conviction. The swift maturing of the Truman Doctrine is a story that had already been told, and here the narrative adds little that is new. But the Berlin air-lift gains considerably in the re-telling by one who was obviously in fact as in form its principal promoter. So, less dramatically, does the chronicle of the development of Nato. But Korea, and its MacArthur sub-plot, constitute the climax of the book, as they did of the presidency, and a long

account is given in this context of the Attlee visit in December 1950. (From this last, incidentally, the British case emerges none too impressively, although Mr. Truman makes no direct criticism or complaint. Will Mr. Attlee provide his counterpart version now?) When all allowance has been made for the naturally one-sided character of the narrative, for the compression and selection of details, for the verisimilitude conferred by the author's ability to quote first-hand and unpublished documents—when all this is discounted, what remains is so impressive in consistency and tenacity of purpose that only a very perverse and hostile critic can deny high qualities of statesmanship to the man who was the ultimate decision-maker during these years.

It is Mr. Truman himself who has insisted that 'a statesman is only a dead politician', and in keeping with his own assessment of the primacy of politics he has given a generous share of his space to the more purely political aspects of the presidency. His account of the 1948 campaign contains a certain amount of familiar nonsense about the 'concerted effort of the polluters and the Republican-controlled press to drug the populace' and an extremely tedious flash-back over the history of the presidency. (It says much for Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's virtuous resolve to print the text of at least the second volume entire that they resisted the temptation to relieve the British public of these

twelve pages of potted primer.) But there is much in Mr. Truman's account of 1952 that is both news and history; it will be eagerly scanned for its praise of Harriman and the mixture of praise and blame accorded to Stevenson. 'The mess in Washington' is dismissed in an indignant aside, but it is as obvious in these pages as in his recent platform utterances that Mr. Truman has not forgiven the ex-Governor of Illinois his refusal to endorse *in toto* the record of his predecessor. Mr. Eisenhower of course is allowed no quittance for his conduct in the 1952 campaign; the full record is published of the exchanges that passed between the White House and 'the Augusta National Golf Course' during the period between the poll and the inauguration, and the prickles in the correspondence still rise out of the printed page. There is no recollection in tranquillity here. Mr. Truman very obviously (and properly) thinks of himself as a going concern. When the last page of the memoirs is reached there is no hint of a *rallentando* to a gracious close. The last paragraph, one feels, is also the first shot in the campaign of 1956. Far more than Al Smith, Harry S. Truman is the Happy Warrior. His memoirs are the story of his fights. He neither won, nor deserved to win, them all, but both America and her allies can rejoice that in the most important of them the Man from Missouri gave rather better than he got.

H. G. NICHOLAS

Dear Subscriber

'My Dear Duchess': Social and Political Letters to the Duchess of Manchester, 1858-1869
Edited by A. L. Kennedy. Murray. 21s.

THE MAJORITY OF LETTERS in this book were written by George Villiers, Earl of Clarendon, Ambassador, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and thrice Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Apart from these are a few unimportant notes from royalty and some dozen or so letters from Lord Granville, otherwise 'Pussy'. The recipient, who was born Louisa von Alten, married in her native Hanover Lord Mandeville, later Duke of Manchester. She was famous for her beauty, particularly her mass of dark red hair. After her husband's death, she married in 1892 the Duke of Devonshire ('Harty-Tarty') with whom she had been intimate since the 'sixties. The letters which Lord Clarendon, as 'editor' to 'subscriber', wrote her at frequent intervals from 1858 to his death and had believed destroyed have recently come to light.

The letters are delightful; easy, light, informative, gossipy, indiscreet, from the heart of Whig politics and Whig society in that odd, fluctuating decade after the Crimea, when Whiggism was being slowly dissolved in Liberalism, when the Tory Party had not yet made an honest man of Disraeli, and nobody knew what Napoleon III was going to upset next. To Clarendon the one stable element was Palmerston, who alone knew his own mind and, approaching eighty, 'plays all night at billiards and shoots' in the morning just as he wd. have done 50 yrs. ago and Lady P. does all the same things (perhaps not quite all) as it was her wont to do . . . High society still displayed more than a little of the *désinvolture* and raffishness of the eighteenth century: young women eloped with young gentlemen busy drinking themselves into asylums or the grave. Mothers were struggling to make good matches for their numerous progeny or to have their daughters invited to be royal bridesmaids. Fine ladies and fine gentlemen were scandal-mongering, and disappointed politicians were betraying: In the middle is Clarendon, cool, shrewd, impartial, temperate, unambitious, and above all amusing with abundant humour and a dry wit. He had no 'views', only a dislike of excess and a belief that things

were never as bad or as good as they appeared. Foreigners were not to be trusted either with finance or firearms. Lord 'Johnny' Russell was an ass, Gladstone a Jesuit, who must be restrained from 'poetic' budgets. There were the constant demands of 'Eliza' and 'Joseph', the Queen and the Prince Consort, and incidentally he describes a superb scene of the Austrian envoy tickling the Queen's arm and hugging the Prince Consort. Again and again Clarendon was begged to take office. He firmly resisted until near the end of his life, and then accepted only because there was nobody else. He died in harness, devoting himself to his duties. 'I cannot spare Sunday when that hateful telegraph learns to be more active than on weekdays', he writes regrettably declining an invitation. Surely the only Foreign Secretary in history who was not out of town for the weekend?

Unfortunately these gay and malicious letters have scarcely been made intelligible by the editor, who for the most part has been content to provide an amplification of the events on the Continent but little on domestic politics and society. To understand much of the letters, the reader should equip himself with a good English history, the *D.N.B.*, *Hansard*, and a file of newspapers. The editing is incredibly careless. 'Ben' who appears on page 61 receives no note until page 95; that he was Lord Stanley of Alderley is not stated. The note on Lord Lincoln on page 132 is given again on page 140. Many people are left unidentified; others are given wrongly. The 'Maria' on page 18 identified as Lady Waldegrave, was in reality Lady Ailesbury, who was madly in love with Lord Wilton, 'the Wicked Earl'. On the other hand, the 'Frank' on pages 154 and 155, whom the editor says 'is obviously a woman', is in fact Frances, Lady Waldegrave, of whose fourth marriage Clarendon speaks on page 213.

The error is the more surprising in that only a few weeks ago Murray published a life of Lady Waldegrave in which both ladies are found.

GUY CHAPMAN



George, 4th Earl of Clarendon: an engraving of a portrait by Sir Francis Grant
From 'My Dear Duchess'

'De Blowitz Rides Again'

In Time of Trouble. An Autobiography by Claud Cockburn.
Hart-Davis. 21s.

HENRI STEFAN OPPER DE BLOWITZ was perhaps the most famous and certainly the most mysterious of all foreign correspondents. He represented *The Times* in Paris for thirty years after the war of 1870 and—to use the fashionable slang of his day—he was unquestionably 'a caution'. He published his autobiography and, from the opening stave, 'On the 28th of December 1825, at the Chateau of Blowsky, in the region of Pilsna, there was born a child with a big head and a feeble body', to its close, 'All that I have written is the expression of truth', the reader is wafted into the realms of fantasy—a fascinating if baffling experience. The author's account of how he obtained the precise terms of the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, before it was signed, seems hardly more credible than his claim to have reported verbatim a speech of Thiers—some hours after he had heard it made—by putting into operation 'my mnemonic process'.

Now comes Mr. Claud Cockburn shambling along the seductive path so alluringly opened for him by the immortal de Blowitz. Happily there are differences between those two worthies. Mr. Cockburn has no need to invent a fairy castle in Bohemia; he can point to an illustrious great-grandfather, Lord Cockburn, who led the intellectual life of Edinburgh a century and a half ago, and to a renowned cousinhood which includes Mr. Evelyn Waugh. At times the genealogical web is spun a little fine, and if Mr. Cockburn is going to claim Admiral Sir George Cockburn as 'a member of my family' he should really study the details of this splendid man's share in the successful sortie against Washington in 1814 and not write rubbish (perhaps culled from American history books?) about 'the Admiral cantering up and down Pennsylvania Avenue on his horse urging the soldiery to further acts of rape and arson'.

And if there are differences between the author and de Blowitz there are unhappily resemblances. Each was an employee of Printing House Square, and there is alas! a terrible species of *folie de grandeur* which assails those who serve an apprenticeship on *The Times*. The ordinary reader might be forgiven for supposing that Mr. Cockburn was a force in Printing House Square, with the foreign news editor meeting his slightest whim, Sir Campbell Stuart, a director of *The Times*, talking 'frankly' to him and the editor taking him to dine at his club. The brutal truth is that the reason for the attention paid to Mr. Cockburn was not so much on his own account as because he happened to suit an extremely ticklish chief, Sir Wilmott Lewis, who was *The Times* correspondent in America. Mr. Cockburn tells an amusing story about Northcliffe thinking, when he first met Lewis, that he was a foreigner. In fact, Northcliffe knew all about him, was extremely impressed by him, and himself chose him for the American correspondence. Then Mr. Cockburn tells us that Lewis was offered the foreign editorship of *The Times*—the news of this offer will amuse the historians of Printing House Square.

And this brings the reader to yet another point in common between de Blowitz and the author—their almost touching gullibility. A whisper in broken English, a guttural undertone babbling of black shirts, and Mr. Cockburn's eyes sparkle—he is receiving the Wisdom of Ages. This aspect of his nature has been entrancingly caught by Mr. Osbert Lancaster, whose genius is shown to perfection in the design for the dust jacket. And when the *folie de grandeur* and the innocence come together the result is very curious. Did Mr. Cockburn really believe (as he says) that King Edward VIII sent Mr. John Strachey, in the discreet air of Primrose Hill, to ask him to prepare a potted autobiography about himself—'The King wants to know who you are'? No doubt when Mr. Cockburn was writing for *The Week* he claimed King George V as one of his readers, on the grounds that that sovereign asked his courtiers to collect the cartoons about him—and very amusing they were—published in the *Daily Worker*.

But if readers should be warned to approach this book gingerly, they should certainly not miss it. For it is written with all the easy wit which has distinguished Mr. Cockburn whether he was writing as the American correspondent of *The Times* or the diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Worker*. The personality which adorned Oxford in the nineteen-twenties and entranced a large private circle remains undimmed in maturity. Though his course may have been devious he has followed it without making enemies and without losing the respect of

those who could not march with him. While enjoying the fancy and wit of Mr. Cockburn's company, the reader will just bear in mind that unhappily politics and history are made of sterner stuff than jests and imagination.

ROGER FULFORD

Free or Decent?

Obscenity and the Law. By Norman St. John-Stevens. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

TO WHAT FAMOUS LITERARY WORKS do the following phrases refer: 'imagination better adapted to the stews'; 'shameless indecency'; 'foulness of moral composition'; 'a novel of lubricity'; 'the subject is revolting'; 'hysterical indecencies of an erotic mind'? A new parlour game, and the answers are: Keats' *Endymion*; Byron's *Don Juan*; Shelley's *Cenci*; Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*; Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*; Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Aurora Leigh*.

Such are the fun and games that one can extract from Mr. St. John-Stevens' book. We laugh till we are sick. We reflect that the eminent works are part of our cultural heritage and probably compulsory reading in some corner of our examination system. As we read on, if our memories have not already been at work, our laughter at the absurdities of our ancestors sounds increasingly hollow. What about our contemporaries? In 1954 and 1955 five literary works, including the *Decameron*, came up for condemnation. Two were acquitted, about one the two juries disagreed, and two, including the *Decameron*, were condemned. The charge was that they were obscene, that is to say, according to Sir Alexander Cockburn in 1868, they tended 'to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall'.

The intention of the author is disregarded. The potential victims of the alleged 'tendency' are a strangely vague category of persons. The literary merits of the books attacked can be disregarded. Indeed it has been held that the better written they are the more potent their 'tendency', though Mr. Justice Stable would have none of such nonsense in the case of *The Philanderer*. Who, we may ask, are 'those whose minds are open to such immoral influences'? So far as one can make out they are children and neurotics, though, to be sure, Mr. Rowland Powell was reported to have condemned a book because it was 'not fit and decent for people of the working class to read', and many references are made to the need to protect 'our womenfolk'. Leaving aside the rather extreme views which amount to saying that the majority of the adult population cannot be trusted to choose for themselves what they will read, the position is that nothing must be published which is likely to get into the hands of children and an unspecified class of neurotics, and which a magistrate or a jury may think likely to 'corrupt' them. Needless to say no one has given a clear test of 'corruption', but to be on the safe side in this country authors and publishers must design their work for an audience of teen-agers. Anything that anyone may judge unsuitable for the library of a girls' school must be expunged. Whole areas of human experience, areas which everyone recognises as of vital importance in more senses than one, are denied to the novelist and the poet as material for his creative talents. We prize about our 'cultural heritage'; we run the risk of handing down to posterity an emasculated contribution from our own age.

This situation is obviously intolerable and Mr. St. John-Stevens has produced a Bill, which has been given its first reading, and is now waiting for some private member to take it further. The proposed changes in the law are that the intention of the author must be taken into consideration, and that evidence of experts may be called to speak for 'the literary or artistic merit, or the medical, legal, political, religious, or scientific character or importance of the said matter'. By this means literary works, whatever they contain, can be distinguished from pornography. Why we mind so much about pornography is a different matter, and one which scarcely bears looking into. From a biological point of view it is very odd that sexual intercourse, by means of which the race continues, should be such that any book intended to encourage it should be condemned. Such, however, are idle thoughts. Let us at all costs not confuse the issue or Mr. St. John-Stevens' Bill will not get much further.

His book is brilliant. It is amusing and at the same time learned.

He takes us through the history of obscenity and its critics, he expounds the law, and provides us with an appendix on the rules observed in other countries. It could not be done better. 'Let us take our courage in both hands', wrote Sir Edmund Gosse, 'and say that we would rather see English Literature free than decent'.

W. J. H. SPROTT

The Fugitive Knight

Roger Casement: A New Judgement. By René MacColl. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

BY THE ENGLISH, Casement is generally regarded as a traitor who, in return for the knighthood conferred upon him for his painstaking investigations into the atrocities performed upon the natives of the Belgian Congo and the Putumayan Indians, sought to seduce Irish prisoners of war in Germany from their oath of allegiance, urging them to form a seditious organisation. When he landed in a submarine on the Kerry coast in 1916, he was captured, taken to England, sent for trial, and hanged at Pentonville Prison. By many Irishmen he is not unnaturally looked upon as a patriot who suffered martyrdom at the hands of the British Government.

To a reader unfamiliar with any previous account of Casement's decidedly theatrical career, Mr. MacColl, at least in the first part of his book, very nearly succeeds in presenting the portrait of a man whose insane vanity, total lack of humour, and positive genius for political miscalculation, serve to turn him into someone not far removed from a tedious bore. The reason for this would seem to be the biographer's instinctive mistrust of his subject, for in spite of an obviously sincere determination to treat Casement objectively, he is too often unable to resist exposing him to the light of his own prejudices. Whenever Casement's specific intentions become a little obscure, he is certainly given the benefit of the doubt; but never, one cannot help feeling, ungrudgingly.

In his summing up of the whole spectacular affair, Mr. MacColl, faced on one side by the fanaticism of Irish Nationalists, and on the other by the stonewall attitude of British officialdom, concludes thus: 'The Irish, or so I think, overstate their case. The British Government, and again this is only a personal opinion, have put themselves in a false position'. Which is possibly a sound enough estimate. But it is in his handling of Casement's peculiar temperament that the author seems less astute: 'Although I am certain that Roger Casement was a pervert it makes as little difference to me, in assessing his place in history, as if he had possessed a club-foot'. The fact remains, however (and Mr. MacColl pursues it indefatigably), that had Casement not been a homosexual given to recording in his diaries what are referred to as 'the ravings of a victim of perversion', the controversy would not still flourish as to whether, or not, at the time of his trial, the British Government circulated copies of his recorded indecencies in the hope of further discrediting his name; a move considered necessary in the interests of foreign policy at the time. Within the limits of its journalistic approach, the book succeeds. But until a biographer more concerned with a serious delineation of his complex character and his political beliefs takes him in hand, Casement seems in danger of remaining chiefly an ornament of the scandal sheets.

Very moving indeed is the hitherto unpublished account by Casement's devoted cousin, Gertrude Bannister, of how she endeavoured to aid the prisoner during his trial. In order to perform even such a simple

kindness as sending in to him a decent meal during the luncheon interval at the court, she had personally to argue at the Home Office before permission was finally given; and then only with an astonishing lack of grace. Indeed the courageous manner in which Miss Bannister, alone and without influence, forced Whitehall to show her a modicum of respect, is a magnificent example of an individual demanding fair treatment; and Mr. MacColl has made excellent use of it to illustrate that ungenerous obtuseness which perpetually infects the official mind.

SEWELL STOKES

The American Civil War

The Fremantle Diary. Edited by Walter Lord. Introduction by Maurice Ashley. Deutsch. 21s.

THE ABIDING INTEREST of the American Civil War for the military historian lies in this: that each side, starting virtually from scratch, not only had to build up armies numbered in hundreds of thousands, but had also to devise a complete war economy to support them. To see the war in military terms alone is not enough. It is not the least of the merits of Lt.-Col. James Fremantle, Coldstream Guards, who spent three months of his leave in 1863 touring the Southern Confederacy, that even at the time he realised this; and the diary which he kept of his travels embraced not only his experiences with the armies of Johnson and Lee, but also his journey through the South; from the Rio Grande, where he landed to avoid the blockade, through Texas, into the heart of the Confederacy; and so up to join Lee's army in the climactic advance which was to be checked so dramatically and so finally at Gettysburg.

Naïve, talkative, intelligent, friendly, he moved with the ease of the born war correspondent: received by Davis and Benjamin, by Johnson and Bragg, by Longstreet and Lee, but learning as much from his stagecoach companions or his overnight hosts. He enjoyed incredible luck: not simply the supernatural immunity which seems to have attended all travelling Englishmen of the nineteenth century, whether in the midst of battle, famine, primitive tribes, or riot, but, even more, the benefit of a divine *mise en scène* which not only brought him to Lee's headquarters to witness the decisive battle of the war, but also wafted him through the lines to arrive in New York in time for the great Draft Riots. He made excellent use of his opportunities. He describes not only the skirmishing in the western theatre, but the munitions works so brilliantly improvised at Augusta; not only the atmosphere of the army, but that of the nearly deserted plantations at home; not only the hush at Gettysburg before Longstreet's attack, but the deserted wharves of the southern ports—even more pregnant with disaster for the South. This is in fact a three-dimensional study of a nation at war which makes it a document of first-rate historical importance, and one whose issue, handsomely produced and skilfully edited, is a most valuable contribution to civil-war studies.

There is no false glamour about Fremantle's portrait of the South. He shows a people poor, backward, in places barely civilised, indifferently governed, and tormented by the problem of their 'peculiar institution'; but with a unity so firm and a determination so high that never for a moment did he question their ultimate victory. There was no regular-army tradition to distort the military development of this People in Arms: the trappers and farmers and frontiersmen who made up the army wore little uniform and their movements were



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disorderly; but it was a disorder of which the trained eye of the Guards' officer rapidly discerned the flexibility and the speed. They were led by men who made themselves unquestioningly trusted; for 'every atom of authority' as one officer wrote, 'has to be purchased by a drop of your blood'. They were accustomed to the use of firearms, and it was no hardship for them to live rough. Few armies have better deserved victory. Fremantle was captivated. When he crossed to the North, his comments on the Federal forces were scathing. 'They are certainly dressed in proper uniform', he wrote, 'but their clothes are badly fitted, and they are often round-shouldered, dirty, and slovenly in appearance; in fact, bad imitations of soldiers. Now the Confederate has no ambition to imitate the regular soldier at all. He looks the genuine rebel; but in spite of his bare feet, his ragged clothes, his old rug and toothbrush stuck like a rose in his buttonhole, he has a sort of devil-may-care, reckless, self-confident look, which is decidedly taking'.

But the North yielded nothing to the South in its determination to win and, after three years of trial and error, in the quality of its leadership. Behind its round-shouldered conscripts lay the booming factories of the North, the endless wheatfields of the West. Behind the Confederates there were only the neglected plantations, the silent harbours watched by Federal gunboats. It needed more than valour, more even than transcendent military skill, to win in such a contest as this.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Cats and King's

Letters to a Friend. By M. R. James. Edited by Gwendolen McBryde. Arnold. 21s.

THIS INOFFENSIVE AND rather touching volume should scarcely have been exposed to the risks attendant on publicity. It is essentially a private volume, a Friendship's Offering, and might it not have been wiser to issue it privately for distribution amongst other friends? Mrs. McBryde has decided otherwise. She has made a selection from the letters which she and her daughter received from the late M. R. James over a period of thirty years, she has prefaced it with some personal reminiscences, and she offers it for general perusal. The result is unsatisfactory. The outsider feels that he has been eavesdropping on a long conversation not intended for his ears and unrewarding to his curiosity:

Thank you for the snapshot—it is good—capital. I go as far as I see on Monday to Cambridge for my fortnight (or less I hope) of Commission work. And then two days are clearing up days of the sordid kind with which one is familiar.

Our day for starting for France is hoped to be 24 August. M. R. J., Ramsay and Conybeare are the starters.

One cannot expect questions of scholarship or archaeology to be discussed in this modest medium, but one might hope for more about the genesis of the *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary* and the method of their composition, and for more felicity of style. The letters are mostly filled with easy, lazy chat about Eton, and about the Etonian element at King's College, Cambridge. James has elsewhere recorded his loyalty to these twin foundations. Administratively and socially he was bound up with them and wished to be bound. Even when he bicycled on the Continent, it was with an Etonian entourage. And these letters suggest that it was only people from his own splendid school who remained vivid to him, though he could be fair to boys from other great schools, and tried to be fair to boys who occasionally drifted across his path from some outer dimness which neither he nor they could explain.

His friendship with his two correspondents must have brought much happiness. Mrs. McBryde was the widow of a talented friend who had begun to illustrate his *Ghost Stories* for him. Jane, their daughter, became his ward; there are some pleasant drawings here by Jane. Besides being in accord with him socially, they felt as he did on the important subject of cats; indeed the letters contain almost as many cats as Etonians. The distinguished creatures are described with sympathy and addressed with gaiety; suitable words are put into their mouths for their replies; they dispense surliness and warmth. How pleasant it must have been to open an envelope from 'Monty' and find a fresh cat inside it.

Perhaps one day M. R. James may become what he would not wish

to be: the subject of a detached biography. Even in these trivial communications an unusual personality appears—scholarly, capable, retiring, whimsical, warm to the chosen circle of his friends, chilly outside it, determined, prim. He recoiled from anything coarse or unfamiliar. When a taxi-driver swore, 'I wish I hadn't heard that', he said. When he was Provost of Eton he was anxious that a Provost of similar type should balance him at King's; 'as long as it is not one Maynard Keynes I think all may be well', he wrote. Keynes too was an Etonian, but baptism is not always enough. And it is to those who have been confirmed as well as baptised that the volume under review will most appeal.

E. M. FORSTER

Confession of Faith

From Darkness to Light. A Confession of Faith in the form of an Anthology. By Victor Gollancz. Gollancz. 15s.

THIS BOOK MAY BE presented as a continuation of the former anthology, *A Year of Grace*, which was reviewed here as 'an act of worship'. For both cornucopian collections the author claims that they are compiled as units, to be read as a whole, their collective purpose being apprehended only by that approach.

What is that purpose? It must be both vigorous and intense, since it has sustained so vast an effort of literary and spiritual labour. The scholarship and range of consciousness cover all European culture; its languages, religious speculation and social experiment. The deep Hebrew religious genius informs it, and it is enhanced and lightened by a knowledge of the major Oriental mysticisms and ethical structures. Out of the universal material, the author has sought to re-state the conviction that grew upon him during the terrible period of the Nazi persecution of his people, the war years, and the dangerous reaction of the War Criminal trials at Nuremberg. His acceptance of these experiences has led him from a preoccupation with a left-wing political cure for the troubles of humankind, to a more spiritual, even a mystical, appeal to the individual conscience. It is the process first introduced by the Gospels, through the figure and teaching of Christ, and here Mr. Gollancz has come, after obvious suffering, much uprooting, revolt, return, and submission.

The new anthology goes on from *A Year of Grace*, bringing the wide range of that earlier book into a sort of clearing-house plan, the relationship between God and Man in the mass being reduced (and paradoxically enlarged) to the more intimate marriage of the individual soul to this divine author of what Mr. Gollancz has at last found to be the only plan for the perpetuation of the human family.

That plan is followed in this anthology. The reader can see it developing from mechanical political panaceas, to something much more demanding upon the members of all parties and creeds, a personal responsibility by means of an ever-growing awareness, sensitivity, and finally of love, towards his neighbour. This process, in a way, must connote a kind of highly spiritualised anarchy, for the centre of government is not in any city, or in the offices of the United Nations, but in the conscience of each one of us.

The author quotes himself in the book, trying to underline his source of authority for this final belief. 'Only one person on earth, so far as the records go, has shown a respect for personality utter and without reserve. . . . It was Christ who was to experience the universality of God's Fatherhood with a directness and immediacy never approached before or since. . . . "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" he asked, "and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father". I have already suggested that in the injunction to love our enemies respect for personality finds its ultimate expression'. And from this he concludes 'that what is true of me is true of others: that every human being is unique, and has a citadel which is sacred: and that I must imperatively respect in others what I know, from the very nature of my being, must be respected in me'.

Such is the main purpose of this second attempt to find chapter and verse expressive of, and parallel to, the author's own vividly imaginative experience. His actions in support of this passionately held belief continue to make their mark in public life. These two anthologies may be called the briefs of his defence of war-torn mankind today, and his proposals for the mending of the human situation in which civilisation is threatened because master and man are at loggerheads, schools of

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political and economic method are divided, and charity and a sense of duty are left to that evil chimera, the State. From that darkness, Mr. Gollancz traces the path to self-renunciation, the welcoming of responsibility and self-sacrifice, as advocated by the quotations from the literatures and religious writings of the world.

RICHARD CHURCH

Caesar as Propagandist

Caesar as Man of Letters. By F. E. Adcock.
Cambridge. 10s. 6d.

CAESAR SEEMS to have spent part of the winter of 55-54 B.C. which separated his two expeditions to Britain, in writing a book on grammar. He was a vigorous supporter of that literary movement which tried to banish from Latin literature the use of rare or even unusual words and forms, Greek words, words from the market place or the countryside, even those lovely diminutives which adorn the poetry of Catullus. Like all the causes to which Caesar lent his support, this movement was a success; and Latin literature was sadly impoverished even in its greatest days. Sir Frank Adcock gives no adequate account of this movement or of Caesar's place in it or of how his works compare or contrast with those of his contemporaries. The reasons why such a movement arose at all, why it arose precisely then, and why it was successful are not discussed. What interests Sir Frank, in fact, is less Caesar as man of letters than the value of Caesar's historical works to the modern historian. And even in this he is hardly successful.

Some Romans regarded the Gallic war as a series of ruthless and unprovoked acts of aggression against friend and foe alike. Caesar published his account of the Gallic campaigns when his political warfare with his opponents at Rome was reaching its awful climax, when the Rubicon was soon to be crossed, and the world was soon to be in arms against him. Is it credible that he offered no defence of his career in Gaul? That he was much too clever to produce a work consisting of nothing but naked propaganda requires no proof. The skilful propagandist keeps his lies, distortions, and suppressions to a minimum. But Sir Frank holds that the *de bello Gallico* can hardly be regarded as propaganda at all. Yet he is repeatedly driven to doubt Caesar's account of what happened. Caesar, for example, intended from the first to attack Ariovistus and hence 'with a firm hand guided the negotiations . . . to their destined end'. Caesar suppresses his reasons for quartering his troops outside his own province in the autumn of 58 B.C., an action which forced war on the Belgae. The reasons for the British campaign of 55 B.C. are unacceptable. And so on. This and much more in a book which we are not to regard as propaganda! As for the *de bello civili* Sir Frank is equally Delphic: Caesar was 'not wholly scrupulous, but wholly sincere'. It is just possible that some readers of this book will be satisfied with the judgement that Caesar was sincerely unscrupulous; others will hold that he was a clever propagandist and that his books can dupe some of us even today.

Sir Frank believes that during the past fifty years no scholar in Cambridge has devoted even the shortest of lecture courses to the works of Julius Caesar. That is regrettable. It is also regrettable that Sir Frank has been unable to tell his readers why it is regrettable.

E. A. THOMPSON

The Least Haunted House?

The Haunting of Borley Rectory. By E. J. Dingwall, K. M. Goldney, and T. H. Hall. Duckworth. 16s.

THIS BOOK EMBODIES the Report made for the Society for Psychical Research by three of its members on the events and personalities connected with Borley Rectory, from the erection of the house by the Rev. Henry Bull in 1863 to its destruction by fire on February 27, 1939, and thereafter to the present day. Dr. Dingwall and Mrs. Goldney are veterans in psychical research, and Mr. Hall is a valuable new recruit. Between them they have conducted a most thorough enquiry, devastating in its results, and of great psychological interest as to the

personality and motivation of several of the main actors. The highly complicated story is well arranged, fully documented, and clearly presented.

The case falls into five successive periods, *viz.*, the incumbencies of the Rev. Henry Bull and his son the Rev. Harry Bull (1863-1927), the Smith incumbency (1928-30), the Foyster incumbency (1930-35), Harry Price's tenancy (1937-38), and subsequent history (1938 onwards). Against a background of local legend about a former monastery (which in fact never existed) and the violent deaths of a peasant monk and nun in the Middle Ages, there are claims by the Rev. Harry Bull and some of his sisters to have seen a variety of apparitions in the house and in the grounds.

Plainly there was by 1929 a strong belief in the village that the Rectory was haunted. These rumours, and their practical consequences in the parish, so distressed the next incumbent, the Rev. G. E. Smith, and his wife, that in June of that year they took the unlucky step of writing to the editor of the *Daily Mirror* for advice. The *Mirror* at once sent down a reporter and got in touch with the late Mr. Harry Price, already well known as a person claiming to be a scientific investigator of 'psychic' phenomena. Price appeared on the scene with his secretary on June 12, and the fat was in the fire. Immediately there occurred, for the first time in the recorded history of the place, violent physical phenomena of the poltergeist kind. The authors produce testimony, which is not unchallenged, that Price was detected a little later fraudulently producing such phenomena in the house. However that may be, he and the sensational press between them made the Rectory the centre of attraction for trippers which it has ever since been.

During the next incumbency, that of the Rev. L. A. Foyster, there was no lack of 'poltergeist' phenomena, which was certainly quite independent of Price. These centred on Mrs. Foyster and were recorded by her husband. The book contains a very illuminating account of the antecedents, the domestic circumstances, and the subsequent history of this lady. They are not such as to inspire confidence in the genuineness of phenomena associated with her and largely reported by her.

When the Foyster incumbency terminated, and the new Rector decided to live elsewhere, Price rented the empty house for a year from May 1937. Whatever view we may take of his honesty, the methods which he adopted during this period, when he was in complete control of what he called 'the most haunted house in England', should suffice to dispose of any claim on his behalf to be a scientific investigator of alleged supernormal phenomena. His main object then and thereafter seems to have been, not to ascertain facts and test hypotheses, but to produce and maintain a popular melodrama, with himself as proprietor and actor-manager. If there ever was anything genuinely supernormal at Borley, it is now impossible to disinter it from the mass of exaggeration and sensationalism with which, mainly through Price and the popular press, it has been overlaid.

C. D. BROAD

Salvatore Giuliano

God Protect Me From My Friends. By Gavin Maxwell.
Longmans. 18s.

THE STORY OF SALVATORE GIULIANO, the Sicilian bandit, has the fascination of fable. Here are implications with more than local significance. He was only twenty when, in 1943, he shot and killed his first *carabiniere*. It was an accident, the frightened gesture of a youth caught in black-market smuggling. But for the fact that he carelessly left his identity card on the scene he would not have had to take to the hills. It took seven years, the efforts of thousands of troops and police and much intrigue to finish him off. In this period he led a gang which robbed and killed with impunity; he was courted by politicians and achieved world-wide publicity as a handsome Robin Hood who robbed the rich to give to the poor. As despot of western Sicily he organised his own income-tax collection by kidnapping wealthy citizens whom he encouraged to contribute to his funds. The actual ransom demands were made by the *mafia*, who retained 10 per cent. for this service. For a further substantial consideration the *mafia* also guaranteed him full protection. Thus any informer against him became an informer against the *mafia*. And every Sicilian knew what that meant.

In the early days of his outlawry Giuliano was approached by Sicilian Separatists, substantial politicians, and persuaded to use his forces in the coming fight for Sicilian independence. In return he was promised the double post of Chief of Police and Minister of Justice in the first government of free Sicily. Bandit or public servant? It all depends on the point of view, especially the political point of view. The politicians who now honoured him as public servant were later, when Sicilian independence was no longer a respectable issue, to revile him as bandit—with some embarrassment for their own past association with him. Giuliano knew too much. If he could kill his enemies 'in the name of God and Sicily', he could be killed in the name of God and public order. He might have lasted longer, had he not broken faith with his Sicilian protectors. He was not of the *mafia*, but the *mafia* controlled his destiny. His downfall can be dated from the day in 1948 when he forgot this and killed a local *mafia* chief. And so to the end, this emotional apotheosis—the wound in the right side; the shouts of 'betrayal', references to his apparent place of death as 'the Judas town', the mourning mother who flings herself to the ground to lick his blood. Giuliano was too remarkable an individual to be treated with indifference; he had to be either hated or loved.

The facts of this episode could ensure a sensational book. Mr. Maxwell has taken the trouble to make his version something better.

Well aware that the cause is more interesting than the fact, he sketches the relevant background of Sicilian history and politics, social conditions, even climate and vegetation, to show Giuliano as a representative phenomenon of his time and place. But he does not make it clear how Giuliano suddenly attained such an appearance of authority that he could be wooed by politicians as an important factor in Sicilian affairs. The section about the author's personal experiences during his Sicilian search for material adds considerably to the tangible atmosphere. So do the excellent photographs (many by the author himself).

IDRIS PARRY



Salvatore Giuliano
From 'God Protect Me From My Friends'

munity, he is the more to be admired for the information he did obtain than censured for the lacunae.

The most interesting portion of his study deals with the yeoman farmers, particularly the ties of kinship and the customs of inheritance in this group. The ideal farm is a 'family' farm which can be worked by the owner and his adult sons without permanent hired help; most of the crisis work, such as shearing and harvesting, is traditionally done by kin and neighbour groups without the use of money; gift exchange or labour exchange are much preferred. The farm is typically handed over to one of the sons, who cannot marry till his parents retire, for one of the most strongly sanctioned customs bans mother and daughter-in-law from living in the same house; the number of permanent bachelors and very late marriages in this group is remarkable. The women typically look after money matters; Mr. Williams was able to get very little financial information from the farmers.

Mr. Williams describes all the voluntary associations of the parish, the housing, the religious participation (very low), the calendrical festivities, the celebrations of birth, confirmation, marriage, and death; but perhaps the most novel aspect of his study, for England, is the very elaborate analysis of the social hierarchy into which this small community is divided. He identifies and describes no less than seven hierarchical groups in this community of 723 souls, which he calls social classes, since this is the term most frequently used locally; they do not appear altogether to correspond to the nation-wide English classes. Some of the groups are very small, only three or four families, gentry and aspirant gentry and the like (the evidence of contemporary novels would suggest he is almost certainly wrong in stating that strivers, 'Lower-Upper and Upper-Medial classes . . . were practically non-existent fifty years ago'); the analysis and description are useful, convincing to anyone familiar with the intricacies of English village life, and far more complete than any previous English study.

What is chiefly missing are the dynamics of social life, the feeling that one is dealing with living people. There is no information about child-rearing or education, no motives are adduced or hypothesised, customs but not characters are differentiated. Despite verbatim quotations, mostly in dialect, one feels one is reading a historical reconstruction, rather than an account of a contemporary community. Nonetheless, this study is a considerable, and enjoyable, addition to our knowledge of English rural life; and it raises high hopes for the work Mr. Williams may do in the future.

GEOFFREY GORER

Cumberland Village

The Sociology of an English Village: Gosforth
By W. M. Williams. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

GOSFORTH IS AN AGRICULTURAL PARISH of 723 people in West Cumberland between the fells and the valley, chiefly made up of small and medium-sized dairy and sheep farms, which was extremely isolated until a generation ago when buses connected it with the neighbouring towns. The farms are of considerable antiquity, many of them having been farmed by the same families for more than four centuries, and portions of the church go back to Norman times; the village round the church was built in the nineteenth century to house the craftsmen. There was no nearby industry until after 1945, when an atomic plant was set up at Sellafield. The internal combustion engine only arrived in any quantity after 1940, when prosperity returned to the farms. With very few exceptions, the parishioners are nominal members of the Church of England, vote Conservative at elections, and are natives of the parish or from neighbouring parishes within a radius of ten miles. Gosforth, in short, is one of the rarest phenomena in contemporary England, a 'typical' rural parish, with the minimum of contacts with the outside world. This situation is changing rapidly and may not endure more than another generation; thirty years ago the isolation and self-sufficiency were much more complete.

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The Psychology of Art

Art and Visual Perception: a Psychology of the Creative Eye. By Rudolf Arnheim. Faber. 63s.

RUDOLF ARNHEIM PASSED through England as a refugee in the nineteen-thirties, and stayed long enough to produce two books, one on *Film*, the other on *Radio*. Then he went to the United States, where he became a lecturer in the psychology of art at Sarah Lawrence College and a visiting professor in psychology at the New School for Social Research. Although in the intervening years he has published numerous articles in professional journals, this is his first full-scale book—and it is full-scale, running to more than 400 pages measuring 11 in. by 8½ in. It is an extremely important book, being the first systematic attempt to apply the principles of gestalt psychology to the visual arts. This is a task that has been urgently necessary for the past thirty years, though Kurt Koffka, one of the founders of gestalt psychology, gave a brilliant outline of such an aesthetics in an essay published in 1940 which is not cited in Dr. Arnheim's extensive bibliography. As the author says in his introduction, to take gestalt theory as a basis for aesthetics is justifiable because 'even psychologists who have certain quarrels with gestalt theory are willing to admit that the foundation of our present knowledge of visual perception has been laid in the laboratories of that school'. The gestalt psychologists discovered that 'vision is not a mechanical recording of elements but the grasping of significant structural patterns'. Since art may be defined as the creation of significant structural patterns, the connection is obvious. The eye itself is creative, and the visual arts are but an elaboration of the process of perception.

Dr. Arnheim divides the subject into ten chapters: respectively dealing with Balance, Shape, Form, Growth, Space, Light, Colour, Movement, Tension, and Expression. His approach is analytical, and the volume with its many linear diagrams looks a little forbidding. But the author has a lively style, and even a sense of humour, and the book is not beyond the understanding of the educated layman. Some of the chapters are more general than their title suggests—that on 'Growth', for example, is a study of the drawings of young children, illustrated by some fascinating examples. Almost every chapter includes references to the various schools of modern art, and since it is a subject that has often led to controversy in the columns of THE LISTENER, it is worth quoting Dr. Arnheim's illuminating reference to 'abstract' art:

'Abstract' art does in its own way what art has always done. It is not better than representational art, which also does not hide but reveals the meaningful skeleton of forces. It is no less good, for it contains the essentials. It is not 'pure form', because even the simplest line expresses visible meaning and is therefore symbolic. It does not offer intellectual abstractions, because there is nothing more concrete than color, shape, and motion. It does not limit itself to the inner life of man, or to the unconscious, because for art the distinctions between the outer and the inner world and the conscious and unconscious mind are artificial. The human mind receives, shapes, and interprets its image of the outer world with all its conscious and unconscious powers, and the realm of the unconscious could never enter our experience without the reflection of perceivable things. There is no way of presenting the one without the other. But the nature of the outer and the inner world can be reduced to a play of forces, and this 'musical' approach is attempted by the misnamed abstract artists.

That paragraph will serve as a specimen of Dr. Arnheim's writing, and of his perceptive treatment of difficult subjects. Nevertheless his book has one or two limitations that must be mentioned. His treatment of symbolism is inadequate, and there is no discussion of either Cassirer or Susanne Langer, whose work is of the greatest significance for aesthetics. His discussion of the psycho-analytical approach to art is again altogether inadequate. Further, what might be called the associative aspects of art (even when these are purely psychological, as in kinesthesia) are dismissed as irrelevant. A phenomenon like 'aesthetic distance' is not dealt with at all. All these limitations spring from an exclusively visual approach to the subject. It is true, of course, that visual perception is of prime importance in the visual arts, but art is not produced in a laboratory. A statement like 'the development of pictorial form relies on basic properties of the nervous system, whose functioning is not greatly modified by cultural and individual differences' may be necessary to correct vulgar errors about art, but it is not true. The difference between palaeolithic art and neolithic art, to take the clearest example, shows a violent modification of 'basic

properties of the nervous system'. But these criticisms do not seriously detract from the merits of a work that will for a long time serve as fundamental to any scientific study of the psychology of art.

HERBERT READ

Essence of Criticism

Predilections. By Marianne Moore. Faber. 18s.

Predilections IS A COLLECTION of short critical writings, a few of them (such as the essay on 'Humanity, Concentration, and Gusto') general in their nature, but the majority consisting of brief commentaries on Miss Moore's contemporaries or of reprints of her reviews of their books—the canon includes James, Stevens, Pound, Eliot, Auden, and half a dozen more. It is always valuable to have the comments of one poet upon another, and Miss Moore's admirers will not be disappointed with this collection. It is very much of a piece with her verse. She has sought in prose that concentration so characteristic both of her own poetry and of that of her subjects: each of these essays reads like a 20,000-word affair that has been cut and cut and cut again until only the bare bones are left—and then cut once more for luck and provocation. It is almost a question of *membra disiecta*: each piece consists practically of a number of gnomic statements or esoteric examples, the interconnection of which the reader has to perceive for himself; or, in the case of the book reviews, it may be no more than a string of quotations with minuscule comments appended. But (and this is the important point) the logical interconnections are there; the reader is expected to do quite a lot of the work, but in the end he will be suitably rewarded for it. Similarly, in the reviews, Miss Moore is concerned rather to express the *nature* of her poet than to appraise him: 'Here is a piece of poem', she says in effect, 'and you will notice this about it; and here is another, and you will notice that'. Those who prefer forming their own opinions will find this an agreeable method.

HILARY CORKE

Style

Entranced, were you not, by Solidad?*
black-clad solitude that is not sad; like a letter from
Casals; or perhaps say literal-alphabet—
S soundholes in a 'cello,
set contradictorily; or should we call her

la lagarta? the lizard with fireflies a-glitter;
or glassy lake and the whorls which a vertical stroke
brought about,
of the paddle half-turned coming out. As if bisecting
a viper, she can dart down three times and recover
without a disaster, having
been a bull-fighter. Well; she has a forgiver.

Etchebaster's art,** his catlike ease, his mousing pose,
his genius for anticipatory tactics, preclude envy,
as the traditional unwavy Sandeman sailor
is Escudero's; the guitar, Rosario's***
wrist-rest as a dangling hand
that's suddenly set humming fast fast fast and faster.

There is no suitable simile. It is as though
the equidistant three tiny arcs of seeds in a banana
had been conjoined by Palestrina; it is like the eyes,
or say the face, of Palestrina by El Greco.
O Escudero, Solidad,
Rosario Escudero, Etchebaster!

MARIANNE MOORE

* Solidad: in America 1950-1951.

** Pierre Etchebaster: a machine-gunner in the first world war; champion of France in chistera (*jai alai*), pala, and mainnues. He took up court tennis in 1922, won the American championship in 1928 and retired in 1954. (*The New York Times*, February 13, 1954 and February 24, 1955.) With F. S. Moseley, winner of pro-amateur handicap court tennis tournament at Racquet and Tennis Club January 18, 1956.

*** Rosario Etchebaster, not related to Vincente Escudero.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

A Shot in the Arm

AS A PUBLIC SERVICE, yes; as a source of private pleasures, no: a refinement, that, of my answer last week to the question whether I would watch television if I were not professionally involved in it. I should miss the news bulletins, the weather forecasting, those parts of the newsreel which illustrate and not merely embroider the news, window-on-the-world programmes like



As seen by the viewer: two shots taken under the Caribbean, from 'Diving to Adventure' with Hans and Lotte Hass on April 6—left, divers photographing under water; right, a 'uniform' fish

B.B.C. documentary television received a needed shot in the arm with the underwater films of Hans and Lotte Hass, a herald programme of what can hardly fail to be an enthralling series. It gave us, this first instalment, a vivid succession of pictorial pleasures. We were fascinated not simply by the lure of the unknown. There was beauty of form and movement, which we saw, and there was the mystery of deep-sea colour which Lotte Hass described to us, an oceanic conundrum: why is nature so prodigal of colour where it cannot be seen except by visitors from above? Part of the enjoyment



'Panorama' and 'Special Enquiry', and, of course, the best of the outside actuality broadcasts. Not much of the grand miscellany is indispensable viewing.

My personal knowledge supports the opinion of the Controller of the Light Programme, Rooney Pelletier, that there is a tendency among younger viewers to desert to sound radio, with its fuller satisfaction of the appetite for the 'hit parade' stuff of the dance band leaders, instrumentalists, and singers whose records they queue up to buy in the shops. News of friends and acquaintances dust-sheeting their television sets may be more symptomatic of rising household costs than of a declining interest. Yet the possibility of the novelty wearing off cannot be utterly excluded from any reckoning of the television future. The novelty may not be enough to sustain the momentum. It must go on multiplying novelty, and that for the moment seems to be beyond its resources. We are now seeing the same faces too often, Gilbert Harding's, for example: he has sufficiently proved the point that we are a nation of timid souls who are thrilled to hear anyone say in public what we fear to say ourselves. There is really nothing more for him to do in television. Again, is Glyn Daniel the only possible chairman for an archaeological programme?

Concerning too-familiar faces, Robert Beatty told us recently in 'Saturday-Night Out' that he is appearing only intermittently in that series, 'in case you viewers get tired of the sight of me'. Wise man; his instinct is right, and would that more television people had it. A little balance, some small measure of proportion: it is not asking for the moon but, again, the heart-cry reflects the lack of good television talent and with that we are apparently stuck. Would one be wholly unrealistic in relating it to the sombre situation defined in the recent article in *The Times Literary Supplement* called 'The Dynamic Society'?

Digging up the past has not proved so successful in 'Movie Museum' on Saturday nights. The series has become tedious, and that not only because of the American narrator's grindstone voice. When, as in the beginning, it was taking us along the true pioneering path of the Hollywood film industry it was being instructive as well as entertaining. Now it is nosing into the backyards where imitation, not invention, was the ruling motive. Why B.B.C. television should have acquired this ill-contrived compilation when our own film archives are bursting with acceptable material is one of those programme planning questions. Numerous viewers would be delighted to see on their sitting-room screens those old favourites of our early cinema, Gerald Ames, Henry Edwards, Alma Taylor, and Chrissie White.

The week brought back Lieut-General Sir Brian Horrocks, in his 'Men in Battle' programmes recalling soldiers, battlefields, and tactics of the last war. The precise excuse for doing so at this moment in history is not clear but at least it does not appear to have been strung on any old anniversary, that hoary journalistic device. Tuning in a little late, I was caught at once by the speaker's ringing enunciation, his brisk command of his subject, and his generous tolerance of the viewing mass, addressing us as if he were fully aware of our individuality. He is an irresistible talker, and one admired his mastery of a medium to which he is a comparative newcomer; a virtuoso performance.

On Sunday night there was another 'Christian Forum', in which J. S. Whale, Lady Pakenham, and Tom Driborg gave no more than a moderately good account of themselves before an audience drawn from Bristol youth clubs. Rounding off the week's viewing, there was a film about the French cathedrals in which the background music was appropriate but gloomily intimidating.

REGINALD POUND

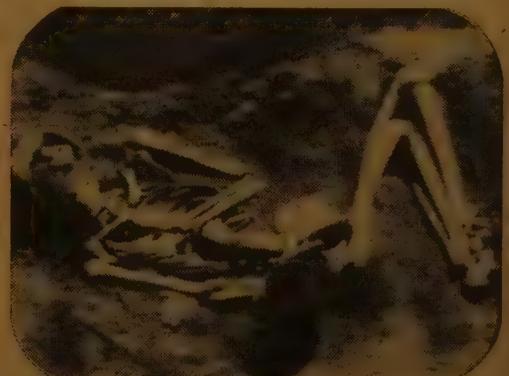
DRAMA

More Art, Less Matter

GOOD MANNERS require us to put it in the form of a question rather than a statement? Very well. I will phrase it thus: Can anyone feel much doubt that just now in the race between the B.B.C. and something else which we need not even name, the B.B.C. is winning quite comfortably? So now, I suggest, is the moment to make the programmes ten times steeper. Now is



'Buried Treasure—Maiden Castle' on April 3—left, the working reconstruction of a Roman catapult as used against the castle; right, skeleton of one of the castle's defenders, buried with a beer mug 2,000 years ago



Photographs: John Cura

the time to make watching B.B.C. television something more of an experience, something less of a *pis-aller*. Alas, now is the very time when by accident or even by design the programme planners seem to have taken to heart Gertrude's advice to Polonius, 'More matter, with less art'.

I would like so to see the Arts, those plump stone ladies who sit about on municipal statues all over France, but in this land of ours only too often show for a trio of wired hags—I would like to see them given the same kind of showing as the Sports, of which I think we have far too much. All those hours with Mr. Wolstenholme! All those inarticulate goalkeepers! All that badminton and table tennis! Surely there is much too much. The precedent of the popular and even the unpopular press which devotes four columns to a golf match and four lines to a symphony concert is precisely the precedent which the B.B.C. could afford to ignore. I shout in the void, my words against the empty winds.

It has, in fact, been a poor week. True, Clemence Dane's worthy piece about the Brontë sisters (and brother) made a timely reappearance, and on Sunday night—of which more later—we had a serviceable Oirish play. But oh, what wastes elsewhere, what films and recordings, what endless serials.

Perhaps I malign the serials. Francis Durbridge's 'My Friend Charles' remains rather amusing, with that sleek police inspector John Arnatt, that easily rattled doctor (Stephen Murray) and his lady friend, flaky, or whatever is the proper medical term for a doctor's side-kick (Gillian Raine) whose eyes must forever be on the stretch, such goings-on and all. Then there is the ever likeable Joan, who this week had a glorious outing with the 'girls' (i.e., other suburban American matrons) all about fur coats. Her long solo scene of pretending to be a multi-feminine committee-meeting, to deceive her hubby in the parlour, was a *tour de force* which at times made me laugh almost as loud as the predigested laughter of the sound-track.

Jewel and Warris are also off on a serial chase: the Appleyards are back: Titlark has settled into a Grove: and for Bank Holiday they dug up an ancient film by Lubitsch which at the time of its first showing was thought in bad taste, since it used the rape of Poland by the Germans as the *vis comica* of a farce about rep. players on the run. But it took revival well.

What, then, am I complaining of? Well, for one thing, a steady decline in the once bright 'Music at Ten', formerly an oasis amid all those dreary films about artesian wells, those stale playlets and benedictions. This week it was given by Max Jaffa and some colleagues, and was well executed, for Mr. Jaffa is a first-rate violinist. But what was played were those dismal selections from an opera which we may call 'Il Trocadero'. There was feeble 'biz' with a telephone on which people were supposed to be ringing up and making requests, and the whole entertainment, which could have been serious and enjoyable, was geared to the lowest kind of 'variety' mentality. I suppose we must now look forward, if at all, to international celebrities chatting to us as they play à la Semprini. I believe the policy to be quite wrong in this matter. The rule should be not 'make it easier' but 'make it more difficult'. Do the music planners heed the lesson of the prom queue or the ballet queue,



Scene from 'Wild Decembers' on April 5, with the Brontë sisters (left to right) Sheila Manahan as Anne, Margot van der Burgh as Emily, and Maureen Pryor as Charlotte

which makes a ritual of sitting out all night on the January pavements? Anything you make painfully inaccessible catches fire among our hardy race. Heed Glyndebourne, heed the Edinburgh Festival: consider their ways and be wise.

Motor-car accidents and heart attacks are unfortunately not very uncommon occurrences, but I doubt whether in life they ever occur with such regularity as they do on the stages of the repertory theatres. I half sensed we were in for one or 't'other at the start of Sunday night's 'Twilight of a Warrior', but I hardly expected both at worst, begorrah! However, Walter Macken's study of a somewhat ruthless paterfamilias held our attention very well—with few regrets for the London Palladium over the way. Not being a bird, as another Irishman put it, we could not be in the two places at once. Even when the duelling between Dacey Adam and Abel Martin (Liam Redmond and Stephen Boyd), who might have been his natural son and yet might not, seemed likely to grind to a stop we were sustained by a genuine interest in the outcome of so much family obduracy. Mr. Redmond had a part worthy of his great talent here, not the usual stage-Paddy stuff of which he must be so heartily tired. Old Dacey was a large-scale portrait and very well Mr. Redmond filled him in. I did not so readily believe in Sonia Dresdel as Mrs. Adam. Being married to that ruthless, garrulous egoist would surely have induced a



'Twilight of a Warrior' on April 8, with (left to right) Liam Redmond as Dacey Adam, Brenda Hogan as Elva Adam, and Stephen Boyd as Abel Martin

slightly crushed manner. Miss Dresdel in her vast armoury of speaking looks assumes the appearance of crushedness as reluctantly as a mountain eagle. Stephen Boyd with his set jaw looked all ready to be a 'man with a mike' and take us out on a Saturday night. Brenda Hogan was charming as the daughter, Alec McCowen credible as the son, and, of course, 'Herself', Maureen Delaney, was impeccable. No bad evening.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Rich Dodges

AN ACQUAINTANCE of mine once wrote a drama—unproduced, I fear—that called for six footmen. This sounded immoderate. He explained that it was always useful to have some stray men about, if needed; moreover, audiences liked wealth. No doubt this was what

Daisy Ashford would have described as 'a rich dodge'. It occurred to me for a moment on Saturday night when a butler in 'Black Plumes' (Home) observed: 'Mr. Robert is not at his club, and he is not at the Surrey house or the Paris flat'. To my sorrow, no one tried the Black Forest shooting-box. But Robert would not have been in any of them, poor fellow: he had been murdered, and his body lay comfortably in his own garden-room. It ought, I think, to have lain in state. At least he did have the right kind of funeral: no nonsense about motor-hearses, but every lawful rite and ceremony, with six horses properly accoutred and black-plumed. Audrey Cameron, who produced, kindly allowed us to hear the procession.

I am not sure what the title had to do with the piece; but it is a good title. (One remembered how the Prince Regent, in Mr. Ginsbury's play, evoked a sepulchral triumph of hearse and plume and cloak, stately processional grief in sable and silver.) This leads us from the object of the night, which was simply to discover how Robert was murdered, how he found his way to the black plumes. There was another murder as well; the second seemed to have been thrown in for good measure. Margery Allingham's novel, adapted by Felix Felton and Susan Ashman, is hardly an easy knot to undo. If, twenty minutes before the end, the play had suddenly stopped and we had been asked to send in our solutions on a postcard to Broadcasting House—have any news editors looked into the increase in the sale of postcards since broadcasting began?—the number of successful solvers might have been small. I am not including those trying people who have read the book, and who begin to smirk after ten minutes or so.

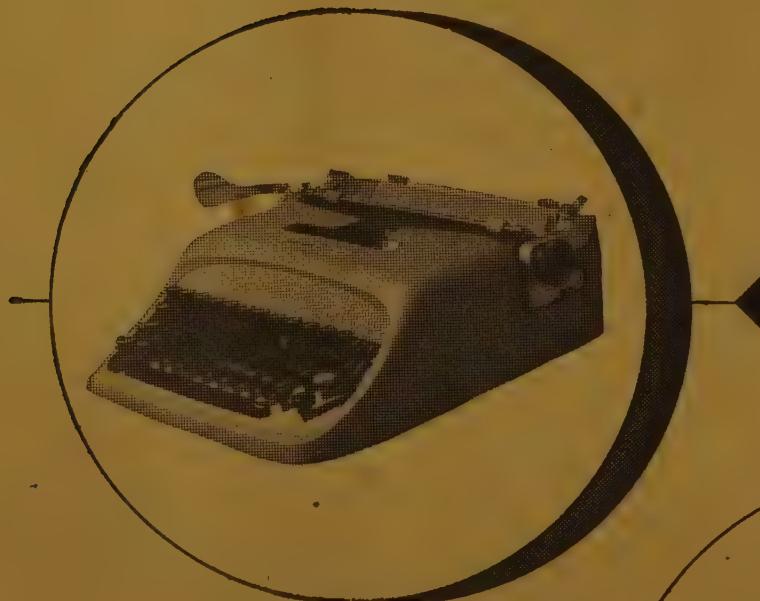
In writing of this kind of play one can only snip round the edges, for it will certainly be broadcast again. Cautiously, then, let me remember such matters as the poise of Margaret Webster's Granny, all but ninety years old, who used neither the rusty-lock voice nor the wind-in-the-rigging voice prescribed for anyone of this age; Betty Hardy's scream that appeared to be forced from her by terror and not because it was in the script; Duncan McIntyre as the cosiest of detective-inspectors, who seemed all the while to be pouring himself another cup of tea in Princes Street; a most radio-genic taxi-smash; and performances by Monica Grey, Richard Williams, Mary Wimbush (as a Mrs. Madrigal—a sud-

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denly fashionable name in the theatre), and Brewster Mason with a voice like crusts in treacle. And here I had better stop; clues are always about to flutter. Surroundings are opulent, though we do not get to the Surrey house or the Paris flat. I once saw a play that began with a lama in mid-Tibet and that ended, not long before midnight, in a scene representing the upper part of Piccadilly Circus tube station. 'Black Plumes' may not have that range, but it does manage to cover references to a cell in a Tibetan lamasery and to 'Little Dolly Daydream'. No: I refrain absolutely from sprinkling clues.

Padraig Fallon has become a radio dramatist to listen for: a man with a mind and an uncommon method of expressing it. For me his 'Steeple Jerkin' was a failure, his 'Diarmuid and Grainne' a prolonged excitement. 'A Man in a Window' (Third) comes between. Here is the man of wealth who has fought himself up from a peasant boy ('From what bog have you cut this bit of old Ireland?') to the dictatorship of the business he had entered 'as raw as a potato on the drill'. The tale of the self-made man, his endurances, arduous, amours, is an old device. Even so, Mr. Fallon does stamp his P. J. Fury into the mind ('I do most things well: 'tis a business with me'): the trouble is that the plain tale is complicated here by a too-determined effort to use radio's resources: narrator's heightened speech, thought-voices, intricate fretworking of past and present. The attention does waver: a pity, because Mr. Fallon has enough rich dodges of his own without seeking to complicate the business. Martyn C. Webster's production guides us through the intricacies, and Harry Towb (as the Fury who began as Patchen) and Wilfrid Brambell (ever-present watcher) take the imagination and fight hard to keep it.

'Calling the Stars' (Light) will be gayer when Tony Payne and David Evans have got their telescope in focus. Sunday's programme was usually on the rim of being funnier than it was ('We're conducting a poll'—'Where do you want to go?'). For once, even Max Wall, in slow dignity apt to crumple at any moment, had no rich dodges, gold-tipped or otherwise, to remember beyond the night.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Enjoying Ill-health

ON THE EVENING of Easter Sunday the Home Service gave a short reading of poems appropriate to Easter arranged by Patric Dickinson under the title 'Via Lucis'. They followed each other without the interruption of their titles or authors' names, which were given at the end of the broadcast, and this gave it a unity and detachment like that of a religious celebration. The poems chosen must have had the freshness of the unknown or rediscovered for many listeners. The readers were Marjorie Anderson and William Devlin. Both are good readers of verse, but Miss Anderson's reading had here and there a note of personal emotion which I wished away. Mr. Devlin's had an austere simplicity which allowed each poem to make its full effect. The poets, each represented by one poem, were T. S. Eliot, A. E. Housman, Blake, David Gascoyne, Alice Meynell, and Hopkins.

William Collins' 'Ode on the Death of Thomson' was chosen by E. M. W. Tillyard for exposition in the series 'Reading a Poem'. Mr. Tillyard quoted Garrod on this poem—'It is hard to define its obscure excellence'—but he went far to do so not only by analysing the implications of its seemingly formal phrases but by using a guess by Collins' friend John Langhorne that the poem was written during

an excursion by river to visit Thomson's grave at Richmond. Mr. Tillyard showed how in the first half of the poem the scene gradually opens before the advancing boat and recedes in the second half as the boat sails back and nightfall obscures the view.

Another broadcast appropriate to the season was a reminiscent talk by Marghanita Laski called 'Passover at Grandpa's'. Marghanita Laski's grandfather was Chief Rabbi of the Sephardim in England, and she described in detail the preparations for the great feast and family gathering, the elaborate food peculiar to the occasion, and the mixture of formal observance, voluble talk, and the singing of songs. The strange and fascinating details and the blend of affection and humour in the speaker's backward glance made this a most delightful talk.

Some weeks ago I predicted that 'Is There a Doctor in the House?' would attract a large audience, and the fact that it is still running and that Percy Cudlipp evidently receives a rich variety of questions seems to imply that it does. And what wonder, when so many people enjoy ill-health, if not at the time, at least afterwards when they can boast about it in conversation? For, curiously enough, ill-health is almost the only thing about which it is permissible to boast. To vaunt your intelligence, wealth, noble birth, or sporting accomplishments would be shocking bad form, but an illness or, still better, an operation can be unblushingly used to acquire merit, though the competition you will provoke may leave you in the end a mere 'also-ran'.

Recently I have heard two more instalments of this series, last week and the week before. The earlier one raised doubts in my mind. Most of it was devoted to one disease, sugar diabetes, which is a disease of the pancreas. I have no fault to find with the treatment of the theme. The distinguished guest was Professor E. J. King, an authority on the disease, and he and the panel between them gave us a clear account of it and of the discovery and development of insulin. My doubts arose from the question whether it is good for me and my fellow ignoramuses to know so much about our pancreases. A little learning is rightly said to be a dangerous thing, and I myself certainly prefer to leave such tiresome and ticklish things as pancreases, carburetters, and transformers to doctors, mechanics, and electricians, while for those who take a pathological delight in the misbehaviour of their internal organs, to become pancreas-conscious is only to focus attention on yet another field of operations and eventually perhaps to succeed in inducing the desired symptoms.

Last week the series returned to its original form of concentrating mostly on miscellaneous questions, and the panel of three and the guest, Professor P. B. Medawar, gave some interesting, useful, and encouraging information. Yet even here there was perilous stuff for the auto-suggestors. Who would otherwise have guessed that dermatitis may be had from the innocent occupation of gathering daffodils? But there it is, and I wonder how many nervous subjects have forsaken the act since last week and how many more have succeeded in producing the symptoms in spite of years of immunity.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Easter Offerings

THE POSTAL SERVICES in this part of the world being what they are, and in particular liable to disruption at public holidays, last week's article had to be written before the week-end. The Christian festival was not marked this year by any major musical event, by one of Bach's

'Passions' or even by 'Messiah'. Stainer's 'Crucifixion', which seems to have taken root in the Light Programme on Good Fridays, was the only oratorio presented. The Home Service offered us that evening two settings of 'Stabat Mater' by Schubert, and the Third the original version for string orchestra of Haydn's devout and moving 'Seven Last Words of Our Saviour from the Cross'.

The Schubert programme, which was preceded in the Home Service by another of music appropriate to the day, was curious rather than interesting, or even adequate as an expression of the Christian tragedy. The first work in G minor consisted of a series of hymn-like choruses of no great distinction. The second, in which Schubert used Klopstock's German translation of the Latin text, was longer and more complex, with three solo voices added to the chorus, and a great show of rather student-like fugal writing at the end. The total effect was, despite careful performance, lugubrious rather than uplifting.

How different the effect of Haydn's work! Nothing, as Haydn himself fully realised, could be more liable to lugubrious monotony than a series of slow movements for string orchestra. Yet, such is Haydn's mastery and invention, inspired by his own deep religious faith, that the obvious danger is not merely evaded but never seems to be present at all. This is partly the result, no doubt, of his skilful changes of tonality from one movement to the next, while the whole composition moves to its E flat-C minor conclusion with symphonic propriety. It is unfortunate that Haydn's recitations for the words of Christ have not survived, so that they must be spoken—they could have been spoken with more feeling and less aloofness than was used in this performance—and the transition from one piece to the next is consequently lost. The Words themselves do, in effect, provide plenty of variety within the tragic ambit of the scene, and Haydn's dramatic instinct, which was strong despite his comparative failure in opera, seized upon the opportunities they afford for expressive utterance. The performance given by the Haydn Orchestra under Harry Newstone's direction was excellent, both musically tense and reverent in feeling. And how terrifying that 'Gothick' earthquake sounds in this original version, despite the economy of means employed! A Berlioz or a Strauss could make more noise, but they could not shake one's soul as Haydn does with his strings and drums.

On Easter Day we had an earlier work in much the same form as Haydn's, ten pieces from the Laudario of Cortona, which were connected by spoken narratives. Here, however, there was an intolerable deal of speech (in Italian) to a paucity of music. But what music there was effectively suggested the emotions, sorrowful and ecstatic, evoked by the Christian story in men of humble faith.

The B.B.C. Orchestra has been under the direction of Walter Susskind during the period under review. The conductor has given capital performances of Czech music—Smetana, Dvorák and Suk. Suk's 'Fairy Tale', a picturesque work, came off particularly well. Dvorák's quartets are, incidentally, being presented in series complete with foreword, excellent in matter, by John Clapham. Susskind also conducted Bartók's 'Concerto for Orchestra' soundly, but with too little of the bravura required to give this masterpiece of orchestral virtuosity its full value, and Franz Reizenstein's Violin Concerto, in which Max Rostal played the solo. Of this he probably made as much as there is to be made. For it consists of soaring cantilena for the violin (alternating with rapid 'passage-work') over a drab, because too thick, orchestral texture. The music seemed to wander, having apparently no fixed point to which it could proceed.

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On Bank Holiday the Third Programme relaxed so far as to present a performance of Flotow's 'Martha', efficiently compered by Philip Hope-Wallace. This ingenuous piece is

the German equivalent of Balfe, cosier in its sentimentality and putting less strain upon credulity, once one accepts its conventions. The opera was well sung by a distinguished German

cast, so that, from the point of view of performance, it easily made the grade in the Third Programme.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Dilemma of Radio Opera

By WINTON DEAN

THE recent production of Arthur Benjamin's television opera 'Mañana', apart from raising a crop of rival claims to primogeniture, posed in a new form a question that has long danced before us without receiving a satisfactory answer. Put shortly, it runs: can such a thing as radio opera (or television opera) exist as a self-sufficient art-form? Can it have artistic progeny, or is it condemned to remain a mule, a useful drudge until such time as science can levitate us into and out of the opera-house by the mere process of taking thought? If television opera is too young to discuss without frequent lunges into the future, composers, librettists, and technicians have not neglected the opera specifically designed for sound radio. It is some years since it became the subject of an annual prize in Italy. There is enough evidence to justify an approach from two angles, the aesthetic and the empirical.

Opera, as we all know, is a composite art, in which at different times and in different proportions music, drama, dancing, and spectacle have all played a conspicuous role. It is generally agreed that music is as it were the bread-winner of the family, and that dancing and spectacle (except in the narrow sense of there being something to look at as well as to hear) can be dispensed with. But not drama—though it may be more psychological than visible—or the result would cease to be opera; Wagner went as far as it is possible to go in the direction of the symphonic poem.

Words, then, in some sort of dramatic order are essential; but what about the visible stage? To what extent is our enjoyment of opera dependent on our physical presence in the theatre? The answer surely is, a very great deal. This is partly because mechanical reproduction, even with the invaluable aid of megacycles per second, does not give the full range of sound. There is always someone controlling the volume and balance by twiddling a knob, and this cannot be wholly concealed from us.

But a still more important factor is the presence of the singers and orchestra and the rest of the audience in the same building. If we close our eyes, the impressions we receive in the theatre are not those we receive from our radio at home. The sense of being in at the birth, of receiving a work of art without refraction, of belonging to an audience, is very potent; few of us would not admit that we have never been so excited by a radio opera as by certain live performances in the past. And it is a notorious fact that some operas which are successful in the theatre are apt to misfire over the air. No wise critic passes final judgement on an opera till he has heard it in the theatre, any more than he assesses Shakespeare in French or Aristophanes in Gaelic. A broadcast opera is a translated opera; the composer who jumps the stage deprives himself of valuable resources, for which he must compensate elsewhere.

All this, of course, is no argument against broadcasting operas written for the theatre. Only the radio can bring us large numbers of operas—not to mention performances of special value, for instance by festival casts—which for reasons of expense, time, or place we should not otherwise hear. But what actually happens when we

listen to an opera over the air? This is not quite so simple as it sounds. In the first place the performance may be of three different kinds: (i) broadcast straight from a theatre, with any explanatory comment supplied in the intervals; (ii) produced in the studio, generally with added sound effects and other devices designed to make the action easier to follow; (iii) also produced in the studio, but by the design of the composer—in other words, an opera written specifically for radio and perhaps employing devices which are impracticable in the theatre, such as quick changes of scene, momentary flash-backs, and pre-recorded effects produced by radiophonic distortion or super-imposition.

Thanks to the Third Programme, we have enjoyed liberal samples of all three types in recent years; and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that, other things (such as quality of performance) being equal, the most satisfactory so far has been not the third, and still less the second, but the first. It is doubtful to what extent this is due to the *rapport* between singers and audience in the theatre (while we ourselves are only eavesdroppers), though this must play a part. And the overheard applause, laughter, and coughing are frankly a nuisance (from the home listener's point of view there have been few nastier inventions than the studio audience). The explanation probably is that the listener, from his past experience of opera, is able to project himself into the theatre and supply in his imagination the missing visual link. This is, of course, much easier if he has a score and can follow what is happening on the stage, but it is possible even without it and in an unfamiliar opera, provided he is given a summary of the plot before each act.

This imaginative feat is less easy with a studio performance, unless it is played absolutely straight, as in a theatre, without any extraneous effects whatever. But it so seldom is. More often the producer, even if he contrives to silence the narrator during the music itself (which at one time seemed an unattainable ideal), interferes with the illusion by supplying 'appropriate' noises, like the ripple of waves or the chortling of birds. This is a fatal mistake: these things are not heard in the opera house, except in so far as the composer suggests them in the orchestra, and their introduction not only cuts across the music but breaks the operatic spell by confusing nature with art. Even the slamming of a property door draws more attention to itself as an intrusion than to the simple dramatic fact it is intended to communicate.

The opera written for radio deprives the listener altogether of the power to project himself into the theatre, since it shifts the theatrical landmarks. Its aim is to be self-sufficient, or rather to establish a new set of conventions and criteria. Perhaps there has not been time for this to bear fruit; but it does seem that composers underestimate the magnitude of their sacrifice. Most radio operas either cling to some of the theatrical conventions, in which case they would have done better to keep them all, or they fall into abeyance between the theatre, the studio, and the cinema. The result is a tendency towards incidental music, towards shirking the central issues of the plot, which in a musical work must be resolved by musical means. On

the other hand some new ground has been broken. The Dutch composer Henk Badings in his radio opera 'Orestes' sought to depict the unearthly nature of the Furies by manipulating the pitch of tape recordings played at the wrong speed. The result suggested nothing more awe-inspiring than the expostulations of the dog Pluto in an early Disney cartoon. But at least it was an attempt to achieve something not possible in any other medium.

In the last resort only two things can happen. Specific radio opera will either fade out, or it will carve a new technique of its own without reference to the theatre. In that event it will cease to be opera as we understand the term, and should for the sake of clarity be given a new name. The same applies by extension to television opera. This can retain spectacle and dancing, but not the immediacy of contact; it is still canned. The nearest parallel here is the cinema, which justified its artistic pretensions only when it ceased to be stage drama translated into celluloid. But it mortgaged them promptly and heavily by grovelling before the lowest common factor in popular taste. We may perhaps rejoice that opera is never likely to attract so large a proportion of the television audience as to tempt its sponsors to begin a competition in self-abasement.

Programme details and tickets are now available at the Royal Festival Hall for two concerts to be given there by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Pierre Monteux, on Wednesday, May 9, and Friday, May 11, at 8.0 p.m.

The recent success in this country of Mr. Randall Jarrell's book of criticism (*Poetry and the Age*), and of his novel (*Pictures from an Institution*), should assure for *Selected Poems* (Faber, 15s.), his first poetry to appear in book form on this side of the Atlantic, a ready welcome. Mr. Jarrell is no beginner, however; the present volume represents a selection from four to his credit in the United States, of which the first appeared in 1942. Mr. Jarrell is a 'modern', who yet lacks what is supposed to be one of their distinguishing characteristics, obscurity. At any rate as far as his language and style are concerned, nothing could be more limpidly clear, nor could his manner in referring to his own verse (in his introduction and notes) be more artless, more one-syllabled—almost, one is inclined to feel, calculatedly 'man-to-man'. He clearly feels, with Wordsworth, that the primary purpose of poetic communication is to make oneself intelligible to the largest possible number of persons simultaneously. Yet in fact Mr. Jarrell's poems are by no means easy; for their content is allusive and impressionistic, characteristically cast into the form of daydream or skein of only half-formed thought. His habit, too, of working out a poem as he goes along, of thinking aloud on paper, so far from disarming or enticing the reader, is more liable to confuse him further. One asks whether his inferred audience, the man or woman without formal education but with an instinctive feeling for 'modern' verse, is not in fact an idealisation of Mr. Jarrell's own. Persons likely to appreciate his content are also rather likelier to be wearied by a slightly over-contrived *simplesse* than otherwise. Nevertheless, though tending to the diffuse and unmemorable, these *Selected Poems* have a very real directness and integrity and even their apparent faults are of the sort that persistence may in the end confirm as virtues.

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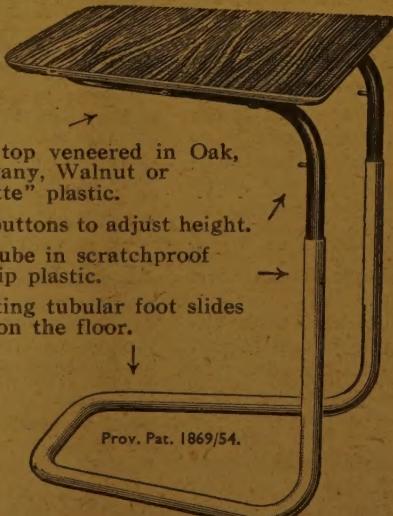


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For the Housewife

Making Packed Lunches Appetising

By ALICE HALL

IT is thought and care that make a lunch-pack attractive. Though clean greaseproof paper every day is expensive, that is no excuse for an old brown-paper bag or a much-used piece of crumpled greaseproof day after day. Why not use two table napkins—or two clean white cloths—which you can wash each evening? A cloth keeps the food so much fresher and moister. Do not forget to save the waxed bags inside cereal packets, and waxed cartons: both are useful for separating sweet from savoury inside the white cloth. Empty the lunch tin, wash it out, and air it as soon as it comes home.

It is not only packing the lunch attractively that is important. What goes inside matters a very great deal. Most men and most children, if you watch them, lift the top layer of bread for a 'peep' before they start on their sandwiches. I always try to make up a lunch-pack that is not sandwiches. Cold sausages and a stick of celery carry well and are easy to eat. Or why not bread-and-butter and a wedge of cheese and a whole tomato; or hard-boiled eggs and roll and butter? Sausage rolls (remember to skin the sausages) or a well-seasoned Cornish pasty are always firm favourites, so are crisp rashers of

bacon. Have you thought of a cold hamburger or a cold chop? On a chilly day nothing can be nicer than a flask of home-made soup, but do not let it be greasy. Do you try as often as possible to manage that little 'extra'? An apple, a rock bun, or a piece of covered fruit tart? Food we enjoy does us twice as much good.

If you are really determined to stick to sandwiches, do vary them, and construct them scientifically so that they do not fall apart. Chopped meat stays in better than sliced meat. Chopped meat bound with smooth pickle or chutney is even better. Scrambled egg or mashed boiled egg bound with tomato stays together better than sliced egg. Firm, thinly sliced tomatoes, well peppered, make delicious sandwiches if they are going to be eaten within the hour. A sandwich made only of tomato and carried for several hours becomes nothing better than a lump of wet cotton wool. For 'carrying' I make it a whole tomato.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

BRIAN CROZIER (*page 383*): on the staff of *The Economist*

GILBERT LONGDEN, M.B.E. (*page 384*): M.P.

(Conservative) for South-West Hertfordshire since 1950; author of *Change is Our Ally*, etc.

SIMON BIESHEUVEL (*page 385*): Director, South African National Institute for Personnel Research

D. C. MARTIN (*page 387*): Assistant Secretary of the Royal Society and concerned in organising the British contribution for the geo-physical year

R. M. JACKSON, LL.D. (*page 388*): Reader in Public Law and Administration, Cambridge University

E. RICH (*page 395*): Vere Harmsworth Professor of Imperial and Naval History, Cambridge University, since 1951

YIGAEL YADIN (*page 400*): Lecturer in Archaeology at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem; director of the James A. de Rothschild expedition at Hazor

D. M. LOW (*page 409*): Lecturer in Classics, King's College, London University; author of *Edward Gibbon*, etc.

MICHAEL HOWARD (*page 414*): Lecturer in Military Studies, London University

IDRIS PARRY (*page 420*): Lecturer in German and Teutonic Philology, University College of North Wales, Bangor

Crossword No. 1,350.

Aeolian.

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 19. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

Cues in italics refer to winds. In the long quotation below the poet's spelling is preserved. Of the common nouns Chambers's does not give 10A, 10D, or 31D.

CLUES

18A. (6) and 6D. (7) and 14D. (6) loud/And 1A. (9)

rend the Woods and Seas upturn;/ With adverse blast upturns them from the South/61A. (5) and 48A. (4) black with thundrous Clouds/From 5D. (10) thwart of these as fierce/Forth rush the 30A. (6) and the 23D. (6) Windes,/ 49D. (5) and 42D. (6), with their lateral noise,/ 36D. (7) and 55A. (9).

ACROSS

- Just the dance for the learned Mr. Pepys (5).
- The distant-call, the Caledonian goal (4).
- Let me give you a tip—a pearl might well be featured here (6).
- Carriage for any not quick enough to walk (4).
- A tale of 500 herrings! Draw it mild! (5).
- Prince of the Faithful (5).
- Swimming horizontally across a field (6).
- Cheer-ho! (7).
- Again and yet again! All the football season without a win! (3).
- Little wanderer, amiable and annoyed in turn (4).
- Of the stars Miss Johnson has much the larger part (7).
- In miniature (3).
- Welcome, wild North-Easter! *Brrr! Je crois que non!* (4).
- Provenance of Mary Rose? (6).
- The original contemporary lyrst (5).
- Sacred enclosure sounds an invitation to the Dodecanese (5).
- Eponymous father of conical hollow mockery (4).
- Support, upright, and outstanding, but not independent (4).
- He's a regular Turk, and his domain may come to a bad end (5).
- Identifiable half of nonexistent benefactor with a host of imitators (5).
- Cheer-ho! (3).
- A seaside marsh will clearly do Miss Woodhouse no good (7).
- It's sleepy, buddy; not exactly the tuft for a tuft-hunter (4).
- Half-inverted young lady of unknown origin (5).
- A bare place steep enough to frighten Scott (5).
- Hundreds and hundreds of centesimi (4).
- Entity conscious of nothing, for instance (3).
- Jean was a dramatic figure, with a strong suggestion of film-artist (6).
- From street walker to empress? or Byzantine girl makes good? (8).
- My story being done, She gave me for my pains a world of (5).

DOWN

- Side by side, head to foot, heads and these (6).
- Welcome, wild North-Easter! *Pew! Black fella peel!* (9).
- Sounds just the bush for a number of perverted 13's (5).
- There's a cathartic quality about these, like empty beers (5).
- The country I left in a hurry (4).
- Where Londoners of dubious morals went and sat inter alia till 1697 (7).
- Burning and headlong as the — wind? (Moore) (6).
- Piercers, e.g., of fish (8).
- John the Baptist's naiment? (3).
- Welcome, wild North-Easter! *Brrr! Quel chien de climat!* (7).
- Gathering for quilting (or husking) (6).
- I've found it (5).

NAME

ADDRESS.....

Solution of No. 1,348



NOTES

The squares traversed by the knight, in their order, are:

- 27, 19, 2, 12—6, 16, 31, 21, 38, 48, 63, 53, 39—49, 34, 44
- P O O R — W A N D E R I N G — O N E,
- 29, 14, 8, 23, 40, 55—61, 46, 36, 51—57, 42, 25, 10
- T H O U G H T — T H O U — H A S T
- 4, 19, 13, 7, 24, 36—45, 39, 56, 52, 58, 41—85, 20, 26, 9
- S U R E N E L Y — S T R A Y E D — T A K E
- 8, 18, 1, 11, 28—22, 5, 15—32—47—64, 54, 37, 48, 33, 50, 60
- H E A R T — S I R — W . — S . — G I L B E R T

The quotation is from 'The Pirates of Penzance'.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: F. Adams (Manchester, 21); 2nd prize: T. Seath (Richmond); 3rd prize: N. P. C. Stewart (Dublin).

In response to requests we publish the following notes to Crossword No. 1,345:

$$F_1(n) = 1^n + 2^{n-1} + 3^{n-2} + \dots + (n-1)^2 + n^1$$

$$F_2(n) = (n+1)! - \sum_{r=1}^n r^n$$

$$F_3(n) = (n+1)^n + 1 - \sum_{r=1}^n r^n$$

All the calculations are in the scale of 5.

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